THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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RESULTS OF THE ELECTION

IT IS not with partisan plaudits or with partisan disappointment—neither with emotional rejoicings or equally emotional despair — that thoughtful, common-sense Americans have received the verdict of the voters in the presidential election. The typhoon of campaign oratory is over—now may the still small voice of reason prevail. At least, now it will have a chance to be heard. What are called the results of the election—the choice of the President, of the governors of the states, of the senators and congressmen, federal and state—are only the first, the immediate and obvious results. But the greater results—for good or for bad—are to come. The elections have not determined what they shall be. The elections have not done away with or substantially changed the acute problems with which the nation must deal.

When even a partial list of these fundamental problems is recalled to mind—as thinking people began to do as soon as the tumult and the shouting of the election died away—surely in the hearts of all sensible and reasonable Americans there must have been a feeling of deep commiseration, even of pity, for the man upon whom above all others there must now rest the chief responsibility for the people's fate. So vast have the personal powers and executive duties of the Chief Magistrate become, so constantly does the pressure of all social and political problems bear down upon him, that no man, no matter how strong in fortitude, can be expected to carry such a load unless he is aided by the good-will and the coöperation of all Americans who are loyal enough to the spirit of the republic to place national considerations above partizan interests

For the elections still leave ten to twelve million men and women as yet unemployed. For them there is not and cannot be a reasonable prospect of reëmployment in any large number for an indefinite time. Their number, huge as it is, must be multiplied three to four times before we can estimate how many Americans are still dependent upon charity, wholly or in part, merely to exist. This is the problem of problems. There are many more. The war shadows still are threatening the world as a whole; in many parts of the world—China, Manchuria, South American countries—actual war is raging, fitfully, and confined to small areas, so far, it is true, but with ever-pressing danger of extension, like scattered forest fires which a strong wind may unite into a general conflagration. Many nations, with

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whose fate Americans are willy-nilly involved, and unescapably so, are aflame with revolutions; or are bankrupt, or desperately struggling to avert financial and industrial and social ruin. Many of our own cities, and states, and industries, and churches, and schools, are in a similar predicament.

Nevertheless, there is justifiable faith, and the happiness of a health-giving hope, that the tremendous outpouring of the people's will which swept Franklin Delano Roosevelt into the presidential power—giving him at the same time a Democratic Congressional and Senatorial majority to aid him—will, if wisely directed, accomplish the prime requisite of world recovery: namely, the unification of American political policy, and its use along lines in harmony with the true doctrine of a free democracy. The fundamental dogma of such a doctrine is, of course, that all political power comes from God, and that the only reliable criterion of the employment of that power is the measure in which it is applied to the best interests of the common weal. If man is placed above money in the scale of true values; if social justice rather than the selfish interests of any class, or of the aggrandisement of the State itself: or the grandure and the power and the greed of the Nationalistic spirit of modern State idolatry—then will we know that the new administration has correctly interpreted the mandate of the American people which was expressed in such a marvellous manner on November 8. On the calendar which is used in this office, which marks at once the days of the secular year and of the sanctifying days of the church's year, for November 8 there is given this motto: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." What Christ tells his followers to do—not only on election day but every day in the year—will, if put into effect, even by a minority of Americans, translate the mighty but somewhat inarticulate word uttered by the American masses at the voting place into practical action to deal with all the problems now facing the nation and the world in a manner commensurate with God's own will—the law of which, on earth, at least, is known as Love. We say that even a minority of Americans may succeed in putting the law of love into effect—that love of God—which must be shown in love for the neighbor: relief of his needs, balm for his wounds, sympathy and healing for his troubles, and peace between ourselves and him, if it is to be known as what it truly is. For such a minority would be powerful with the power of the spirit. It would be acting in harmony with the order of things ordained by Christ, and explained and guided by the Church of Christ—yet which is not thrust upon us against our will—which, indeed, requires the cooperating action of our own wills for its expression here on earth.

Catholic Action for social justice, therefore, in these United States, has been given what should, we believe, be recognized as a heaven-sent opportunity. No greater mistake could be made than to consider that the amazing majority—nation-wide in extent, sweeping over sectional, geographical, and partisan lines and limits—to Franklin Roosevelt was predominantly a mere "protest" vote; or an outpouring of sheer "resentment"; or unthinking anger. Such elements were there. But such elements did not give that earthquake of voting its true character. Over the whole world lies the ominous shadow of threatening social catastrophe. That shadow casts its signs and symbols before us. In Russia it is of a kind to make the souls of those who still believe in God, and the justice and the love of God, to shudder with dread. In other parts of the world, the signs and symbols indicate the tyrannies of dictatorship. In the United States, where the free man, and the life and liberty of the family, and justly distributed property have been for a century and a half the ideals of a mighty nation, the shadows of the world depression have seemed to threaten these most precious things. The vote on November 8 was the protest of the people against that threat. It was the cry of the people that these precious values be preserved and made safe for it. That is the task which President Roosevelt—and what amounts to a new, or at least, a renewed, party, are imperatively called to do—or at least to attempt to do with all the best that is in them. All Americans should aid them. The Commonweal, for its part, will do its best to cooperate in the mighty work which now begins. Quite apart from all partisan political considerations, this journal believes—and hopes and trusts that it will be given good cause to continue in its faith—that all Catholics who desire to give practical effect to the principles of Social Justice laid down by Pope Pius XI will see that Governor Roosevelt's opportunity to lead the united forces of traditional Americanism (personal liberty, the family as the true unit of society, widely distributed ownership of property, and agriculture as the foundation of the social system) is likewise the Catholic opportunity to make the teachings of Christ apply to the benefit of all, within or without the membership of the Church.

Not only by the use of the Pope's own words—and the words also of the leaders of Protestant Christianity, and Judaism—as he did at Detroit, but by the whole course of his political life as Governor of New York, and as a Presidential candidate, has Franklin Roosevelt demonstrated his faith in the traditions of American life, and his determination to maintain them.

Flying to address the Democratic convention which nominated him at Chicago, Mr. Roosevelt said there in his acceptance address:

"Throughout the nation, men and women forgotten in the political philosophy of the government of the last few years, look to us here for guidance, and for more equitable opportunity to share in the distribution of the national wealth. I pledge you, I pledge myself to a new deal for the American people."

All the President-elect's campagn speeches may be interpreted in the light of that declaration. His "paramount issue" becomes his supreme opportunity.

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WEEK BY WEEK

WHAT will eventually come out of present efforts to effect relative disarmament in Europe is by no means clear. We have never believed that the French people, despite a strong shift to the Left, would ever agree to any important diminution of armed strength until the Continent as a whole had become vastly more pacific. Nor do we believe it now. On the other hand, M. Herriot and his friends realize full well that the Germans will no longer assent to the restrictions imposed at Versailles. There is no reason, juridical or otherwise, why they should. The military status of the Reich was agreed upon as a sample of what was to prevail throughout Europe. Now either the other nations must conform, or Germany will throw off one after another of the "shackles" which hamper her. In previous crises, a threat of "coercion" was usually effective. Today this threat is meaningless. France could doubtless capture the whole of Germany, but the results would be more disastrous than were those which followed Napoleon's advance to Moscow. It is all a very serious conundrum. The French now find themselves in the same kind of armament fix as we of the United States have inherited from the war debts. Had these debts been radically reduced ten years ago, we should not have reaped the fearful harvest of foreign credits worth practically nothing and, beyond that, fatal to world trade. Had France zealously supported Briand in his efforts to develop the pacific intent of post-war Europe, it would not now be confronting a terrible renascence of nationalism which has been made manifest, during the past week, even in Spain. Possibly the way out can be found, but it is going to be a hard one to take.

Disarming the World

THE campaign is now over and everything said about it has the flavor of mere reminiscence. What does it all mean? Endless hours of radio talk, column after column of reprinted speech and news comment, drummed something into several million ears. Yet one can hardly imagine that the total impression can be anything but riotous confusion, worse confounded by a pretty general desire to pull the wool over a public's eyes. More nonsense was talked, more hokum was administered in oratorical doses not always small, during the past weeks than at any time of which we have knowledge or experience. The last stages of the game degenerated into a melee of ineffective verbal blows, cast wildly hither and thither by persons whose sense of responsibility seems to have been limited to their party affiliations. Nothing could be a more severe indictment of the pass to which popular government in this country has come. In an hour when the fortunes of the nation were at the lowest ebb in that nation's history, at least one Cabinet officer delivered from the public platform a seemingly endless volley of clap-trap, by comparison with which the expressed thinking of Herr Hitler and other notorious Continental demagogues looks like profound wisdom. There is no American of sound mind who can look back from the vantage ground of this "morning after" without feeling the disgrace collectively merited for the cheap exhibitionism, the rank folly and the crass dishonesty of the campaign performance. Nothing which any enemy of our institutions has said about us seems wholly undeserved in the light of the shocking three-ring circus which we as a people have thoroughly and patiently "enjoyed."

To the Point

AND YET there were moments when a better, possibly an older, America was discernible. We should say that there were four addresses which an intelligent voter might be expected to get from men of presidential quality: Mr. Roosevelt's speeches on agriculture and the railroads (two sound and well-formulated documents); Mr. Hoover's Cleveland address, which was that speaker's one estimable performance during the campaign; and Mr. Smith's Boston speech. Apart from these there was little which can be termed either consistent or impressive though occasionally, as in Governor Ritchie's Indianapolis speech, or Senator Reed's tirade at Des Moines, there were moments of power. No, there was just one other great address, and in our opinion it was far and away the finest thing heard during the campaign. This was Senator Carter Glass's exposition of the financial situation, delivered in Washington on November 1. It may be that the Senator was wrong or biased here and there—no man in politics is fool enough to expect to be regarded as quite objective. But he summoned to his assistance a thoroughly digested mass of evidence and a keenly directed power of logic which did more in one hour to convince an open-minded listener that Washington does occasionally know something about the nation's business than did all the rest of the oratory heard during the campaign. Marvel of marvels, it was also a dictionally correct speech, not marred by misused "shalls" and absurdly disjoined infinitives. Can it be that the quality of this speech reposes upon a mental equipment formed and developed prior to the "prosperity decade"?

IT IS somewhat of a surprise to have it called to our attention that 80 percent of the musicians aided by the Musicians Emergency Aid in New York City are Catholics. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that the majority of musicians in our country are foreign-born, principally Italians, South Germans, Poles and Viennese, who would likely be Catholics. Not only has the general depression affected these people, but they have also been subjected to special hardships because of the increasing use of mechanical music in moving-picture theaters that formerly employed their own orchestras. Aid has included

Bread and Music

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money, rent, food, employment, doctors, hospitalization and other real services which the Musicians Aid Bureau has been able to arrange for. Over 14,000 orchestral players are out of work, and probably the best way in which the Musicians Aid has helped has been in the providing of work by organizing orchestras which have given concerts in schools, high schools and universities, settlement and neighborhood houses and churches. Most of these concerts were free and they were jammed. The greater proportion of the listeners, it was estimated, could not pay for a concert ticket in these times, and a double good was done by supplying employment to the musicians and giving hard-pressed and discouraged masses of people some entertainment of a character calculated to help keep up their morale.

ALTOGETHER 11,000 days work was given by the Musicians Aid to union orchestral musicians, and 1,450 individual appearances to people outside of the orchestral union. Other efforts have been made to create new opportunities for musical work. In one instance, a pianist was placed in the saleswomen's recreation room of a large department store. After several weeks' work paid for by the Musicians Aid, the department store has employed the musician and she is now organizing choruses among the salesgirls. Dr. Damrosch has announced that no requests for contributions to the Aid will be made this year, but the public will be invited to five festival concerts of an orchestra of 175 musicians in Madison Square Garden, with such distinguished soloists as Jascha Heifetz, Efrem Zimbalist, Paul Kochanski, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Fritz Kreisler, Sergei Rachmaninoff, and conductors such as Walter Damrosch, Bruno Walter and Eugene Goossens, and the appearance of such groups as the Schola Catorum and the Oratorio Society. These concerts will begin on Saturday night, November 28, and the proceeds from them will help to defray the expenses of the Musicians Aid. We wish to call to the attention of our readers who can avail themselves of the opportunity, that these will be exceptionally fine concerts, remarkable bargains and a meritorious contribution to the alleviation of distress. This work of the Musicians Aid must also, we believe, furnish interesting suggestions to other communities.

THE WARNING recently sounded by the federal Children's Bureau is seriously echoed in the facts which the directors of the Child Welfare League of America have just put before the public. The league numbers 150 children's agencies, in the United States and Canada, in its membership, and has active contacts, in its capacity as clearing-house for child welfare work, with almost a thousand institutions; hence it is in position to obtain a real conspectus of the situation. It puts the increase of children in institutions in the last two years, as the result of broken homes, at 48 percent, and the number of child vagrants at 200,000: the latter almost exactly the same estimate as that of the Children's Bureau. The constituent reports and statistics bear out this general story, of course, sometimes in very aggravated form. For instance, while Father McEntegart is quoted as citing an increase of 35 percent (a figure very large, but measurably below the general average) in the children cared for in the last three years in institutions and boarding homes by Catholic Charities, the president of the league notes that New Jersey, in two years, accepted for care a recorded increase of 187 percent.

The Children

IN ADDITION to the disproportion between these swollen figures and the shrunken appropriations which are too often the rule, the welfare agencies have to contend with the clogging of their systems due to the fact that it is impossible to discharge children from institutions after a normal interval. In the words of the president of the league, Mr. J. Prentice Murphy, "Older boys and girls who would find work if conditions were normal must remain in care because there are no jobs. Younger children must be cared for longer than usual because rehabilitation of their homes has been postponed." These are hard facts, yet we cannot permit them to become hopeless. It is a more tragically mistaken economy, even if we consider the matter on the lowest basis of self-interest, to scant the care needed by children than to scant the elements needed for essential physical growth by any human body. Mr. Murphy sounds the warning that every sane man or woman who has looked into this field has uttered. If the grants for child care are diminished now, for any reason, however pressing, "in time the city will pay through the destruction of priceless talents represented in the lives of these children. The child welfare gains of many years are at stake. The facts must be presented to the giving public and to the public authorities."

IN THE midst of the excitement due to our presidential campaign, the cry for help of the poor people devastated by the hurricane in Porto Rico is reported to have been pretty much overlooked. Many persons who might have been able, and have been disposed to assist, have no doubt been distracted from the distress of the thousands of homeless men, women and children on that stricken island. The Bishop of San Juan has been diligent in presenting to Catholics of the United States the plight of his poor flock; and while he has met with a generosity characteristic of this country, the response has fallen short of what it would have been had not the recent hurricane been rapidly crowded out of public attention. Information continues to arrive of the appalling conditions among the victims, and THE COMMONWEAL takes this opportunity to set before its readers the urgent need for help. The overhead expense of making such help effective has been cut to the minimum, one steamship company even volunteering to transport supplies free

Forgotten Porto Rico

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of charge. Bishop Willinger, President of the Catholic Porto Rican Child Welfare Association, may be communicated with at 308 West Broadway, New York City, or Bishop Byrne may be reached at 5200 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, or contributions may be sent to Reverend Edwin Ryan, Roland Park Seminary, Baltimore.

He Walked Alone

A PROTÉGÉ of Louise Imogen Guiney, the life of Thomas S. Jones, jr., was as brief as hers. Through his range of years—the mystical seven times seven—he proved his dedication to poetry. He sang in homage only. And all he sang has the chastened loveliness of an "altar white with May." It tells an "ageless innocence" that made his soul seem like another star that dwelt apart. Even his first publication, a slender volume of amorous lyrics, significantly called "The Rose Jar," sounds the motif of his life: consecration to an ideal of beauty, whereby he chose the ways of one who walks alone in the silence to find "That last strange peace whose name is loneliness." The concentration of the sonnet form was the fitting vehicle for his geometric mind. He used it exclusively. Of it he was, according to noteworthy critics, one of the surest masters among the moderns. Each one proves him a poet: a perfect technician, a natural singer. Of each the theme is one that rings out a "Sursum corda," a cry of the soul that has followed the gleam, that is questing greater perfection, that is longing for the personal embrace of Him Who is the Perfect Friend. But in an age when poetry is often allied with the crass and the materialistic, such songs of the spirit are muted except to the "passionate few." So his sequences: "Sonnets of the Cross," "Sonnets of the Saints," "The Image," and especially, "Sonnets of the New World," a series celebrating the North American martyrs, are, to many, unheard melodies. But for those who have had the joy to listen, they "begin and end in God," and eulogize their maker as the distinctively religious poet of this age.

Strayed Saints

SINCE Thackeray poked fun at the Reverend Mr. Oriel, of Saint Waltheof's, the Catholic inclinations which the young cleric personified to the novelist's not very sympathetic imagination have become one of the definite features of his communion. Ritualism and a devotion to religious symbolism are associated almost everywhere in the general mind with the Anglican Church. One is not prepared, however, for the extent to which the second is to be found in the other American Protestant churches, according to Mr. F. R. Webber, editor of *Lutheran Church Art*. Setting forth, in the *American Mercury*, the results of his researches into ecclesiastical architecture and decoration, he finds an addiction, where one would least expect it, to an ever wider range of Catholic symbols. It is prompted, he seems to feel, by the need for allegory, and fed by the active connivance of the contractors of carving, stained glass, and so forth. For example, one firm put a Shield of David and a papal tiara on a Protestant church window, calling them, respectively, the symbol of the Old Testament Age and "a bee-hive, the symbol of industry and missionary expansion." A Lady Chapel, complete with name, was sold a Calvinist congregation as being named "in honor of our Ladies' Aid Society." Eleven saints carved about a lectern, all clearly identifiable by their symbols, were passed off on a Methodist congregation as Faith, Hope, Charity and the Eight Beatitudes. Saint Sebastian is Everyman to certain Presbyterians; Saint Catherine of Siena receiving the stigmata, an allegorical Faith to certain Baptists. And so on. We wonder if Mr. Webber's explanation really explains. There is an authoritative attraction about things Catholic that the word "allegory" hardly covers. Men do want allegorical symbols, but even more they want saints. Perhaps not many Protestant groups would accept these great figures by name—though even Mr. Webber notes exceptions. But the tremendous pull of the personality, coming through its concrete symbols, and evoking the knowledge and memory that lie in some form at the bottom of almost every consciousness, is an actual thing, quite different from the intellectual response to an abstraction. We doubt that "the symbolism fad will probably soon run its course." These things have a way of striking root.

ON SPIRITUAL READING

THE TUMULT and the shouting always dies. No other mortality imposed upon the race of men by the Fall is so evident or so implacable. But it requires a little detachment, perhaps what may be termed a little philosophy, to realize the fact. How often has the retirement imposed by illness or ostracism proved the beginning of a saint's upward climb! We have no desire to stress this truth beyond saying: today there are many for whom life does not hold its normal charm. Even those whom the ill-winds of recent years have spared in a material way are uneasy of mind and heart. Zest to enjoy oneself is missing now that every tenth American family is living from hand to mouth, and when the future may impose still other burdens. And if this cloud were lifted, the spectacle of moral disaster—of an age grown lawless and unwilling to have either faith or love—would suffice to poison, at least relatively, the cup that once seemed so unalloyed.

And yet the ancient Christian message of joy is still contemporary. We must not forget that the gaze of Calvary itself was fixed upon the Resurrection morn. But what is this joy? According to the universal testimony of mankind it is freedom. The unvarying symbol of the poets is the untrammeled dance—the bounding of young lambs, the leap of the water from a mountain spring, the rhythm of interweaving sprites. When art struggles to express the theme of happiness, its vision is always of something leaping from a cage; and so the

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pictures of Rubens, or the friezes of mediaeval stonecutters, rush out at you as if they had just this moment been released from confinement, as if the very winds, long chained in their caves, were driving forward imperiously. Pleasure one can, of course, seek apart from joy. But if one does, the key is in the end relentlessly turned in the lock.

Then there is such a thing as an ultimate, no longer explosive joy—a joy which in art has been almost miraculously portrayed by Raphael, in that Sistine Madonna who carries the mingled blisses of eternity and motherhood into the very heart of the world. Is Raphael's, however, any longer a beatitude of this earth? The answer to that question cannot be given. Men have professed to see written on the faces of saintly men some evidence that such radiant jubilation is possible here. Whether, in spite of weakness and suffering, eternity can reside in time, as Dostoievski, for instance believed—that is a query to which no definite response can be given. But surely, just as literature and art have for constant subject-matter the phenomenon, as such, of human joy, so do the writings called "spiritual" deal with beatitude. Or perhaps we ought to say "beatitudes."

The literature of the spiritual life is surprisingly extensive. Properly speaking, it embraces all the writing, in whatever language and under the guidance of whatever creed, resulting from immediate awareness of the one true God. A Christian, for instance, is likely to comprehend the meaning of his own faith better if he remembers that Saint John of the Cross was deeply indebted to a Mohammedan mystic, and that Saint Augustine found a great deal of permanent value to himself in the "Enneads" of Plotinus. With Hinduism the Catholic in particular will often find himself in agreement, as the careful discussion now being conducted in the *Light of the East* by Father Dandoy clearly indicates. But though all this is important and true, the literature of the Christian soul is in many respects a universe sufficient unto itself.

Divided into many parts, it nevertheless has a common method and principle. The starting-point is a catharsis—a getting rid of something, a purging of the self, which here consists of a repudiation. Of course the story varies in details, but the essential pattern is that of Saint Augustine, who had first to turn his back upon the world, the flesh and the devil before he could draw near to God. Then there follows the journey itself, which may pick this route or that, mount so far or still farther, but which is characterized by the constant joyful awareness of a happy ending. Some books do not get beyond the repudiation, but in that case the work is either unfinished or spurious. In genuine Christian literature, the journey follows the purging almost automatically.

As a consequence the purpose of the endeavor called spiritual reading is primarily not (as so many think) to reform and to "edify," but to lead on toward the most abiding and the most evident happiness discernible on earth. Indeed, we shall make bold to declare that the reform is injurious if aimed at as a goal. For a soul caught in that attitude is changed, even as was Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt—which is not the savor of the earth, in this case, but a hard and encrusted bitterness, likely to be compounded of pride and regret. On the other hand, it is also true that a disposition to enjoy, quite aesthetically, the jubilation of the saints without having been moved to share their renouncement poisons just as does a diet of sweets. The deer moves with delight toward the brook that will ease his thirst. But the deer does not remain there: he is a warrior and his home is the wilderness.

These words are written in the hope that the clearly discernible revival of spiritual reading will last and grow. If the basic principles as imperfectly defined above are kept in mind, there is no reason why many who shy away from the writings of the masters should not find them out and enjoy them. To begin with, the vast treasure-house of autobiographical writing is ours to explore and use. Though Saint Augustine's "Confessions" are here the great exemplar, a number of other books are possibly more appealing to the uninitiated—the "Little Flowers" of Saint Francis or of Saint Catherine of Siena, the straightforward and always very remarkable autobiography of Saint Teresa (whom an American priest has wittily named the "Big Flower"), or the letters exchanged between Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Jane de Chantal. Then there can follow the luminous essays of the mystics, the imperishable books of counsel, and those excursions into knowledge of the Divine which, like the Salesian "Treatise on the Love of God," are almost the summits of religious speculation.

It is often doubted whether, in our time which is so busy with many things, the influence of any one book on a human life is important. But manifestly the impact upon the personality of a stream of reading—of the constant flow of thought against the thinking man—helps to determine not only individual but also group destiny. The religious life of any nation will not long be adamant against decay if the writing on which the faithful rely bears no relationship to the spirit. An older Catholic generation in this country used few books, but some of these were of enduring value from the point of view of the soul. Shall it be said that in our time this fidelity to the sources was ignored?

A severe thinker once said that life is too short to read and reflect on books not written by saints or men of genius. From this ideal we may, however, permit ourselves to deviate. For most of us the effort to burn always with so very hard and gem-like a flame would be an impossible one. We shall be humbly aware of our limitations and retain an affection for literature that is concerned only with the foibles, virtues, faults and tragedies of mankind. Yet there must come moments when the least rugged of us grow mindful of the journey that is our chief business and, with pilgrim staves borne firmly, set our eyes upon the peaks.

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MODERNIZING THE VATICAN

By H. V. KALTENBORN

Himself a well-known American newspaperman and radio speaker, Mr. Kaltenborn was deeply impressed during a recent visit to Rome by the way in which the Vatican is adapting modern technic to its uses. He has therefore written a paper setting forth the attitude of Pope Pius to the modern world, and describing in particular the new radio station at Vatican City "which has been going on the air twice each day for fifteen-minute periods." It should, perhaps, be added that Mr. Kaltenborn is not a Catholic. He senses "a new determination to make science serve the Church."—The Editors.

WITH little notice to the world, a profound change has come about in the physical aspect of the Vatican. Modern buildings, radio towers, a railroad terminal, office structures rise today where only yesterday palms and cypresses swayed their graceful crests. Nowhere can an itinerant editor explore more stimulating contrasts, more striking innovations. The new aspect of the Vatican Gardens might lead one to suppose that the ancient Church of Rome has undergone some rejuvenation process, some revolution of thought and spirit which requires a modernized physical expression.

Perhaps there really is a change. Certainly we sense a new determination to make science serve the Church. Pope Pius XI and his associates in the government of the world's youngest and smallest state are enlisting the most advanced scientific instruments in the service of that state and the Church it represents.

So today, within the ancient walls of the Vatican, there is a railroad terminal which features the ultimate in transportation convenience. There is an administration building which houses the functionaries of the oldest and yet the newest Italian city-state according to the most up-to-date ideas of business convenience. Far above the graceful palms and blooming oleanders of the Vatican gardens, rise two slender radio towers which flash the words of a science-minded Pope to millions of believers and unbelievers scattered over the five continents.

One feels the modernity of Pope Pius at first contact with the man himself. His face is keen and alert, his step springy, his interests world-wide, his voice eager. As one meets this twentieth-century individual, surrounded by the ceremonial of another age, one feels the modern man's indifference to an outward show, which he accepts as an unavoidable part of his duty. He seems almost devoid of any personal relation to the pomp and circumstance which must attend his every contact with the outside world.

Thanks to Pius XI's keen interest in world affairs, the new Vatican State is steadily playing a more important part in the promotion of international understanding. Rome, like Geneva, represents a league of nations. Each day the anteroom of Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, is crowded with official ambassadors and unofficial delegates who bring information from all the world and carry away Vatican opinion. Unlike Cardinal Gasparri, his predecessor, the present Secretary of State prefers to avoid direct personal contact with newspaper correspondents and other agents of publicity. On the other hand, the Pope speaks his mind on current topics more frequently than his predecessors. No longer is the *Osservatore Romano* the only voice of Vatican opinion. Little by little the radio station of Vatican City has developed an important direct exchange of news and of views between the Vatican and the outside world.

Without any attempt to publicize its broadcasts the Vatican Station has been going on the air twice each day for fifteen-minute periods at eleven in the morning and at eight in the evening. Interesting passages from the reports sent in by Catholic missionaries still comprise the bulk of the material presented to listeners. But whenever opportunity offers, information concerning the activities of the Church of Rome or the views of the Vatican State are added. This part of the presentation is gradually assuming larger importance. Here, as in all things, the Church of Rome is willing to proceed carefully and slowly. It is never in a hurry. Those who direct its policies realize the immense potential power of the Vatican radio station and propose to develop and use that power only after time and experience have taught the best methods. Future papal encyclicals will be broadcast as well as printed. No secret envoy will have to carry them to Paris to make sure that they will escape the censorship of a hostile Italian government.

Father Gianfranccochi, the able director of the station, has already received from the Pope authority to launch diverse types of broadcast programs. But for the wise fathers of the Church, it is one thing to receive authority and quite another to make use of it. The new station already sends and receives commercial messages and news photographs. It does not, for the present at least, propose to take full advantage of its legal right to handle all the commercial business it could obtain. A recent request from Germany for the inauguration of a regular commercial service in news photographs, indicates the excellence of the station's equipment in this respect. Europe has few points from which photographs can be wirelessed, and the Vatican Station is often asked to handle emergency business.

On the occasion of my visit to the radio station, Father Gianfranccochi took from a folder in his desk an excellent photograph of a beautiful German moving-picture actress and displayed it with evident pride. "This just came from Berlin by wireless," he explained.

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"It shows how well equipped we are to handle a large amount of commercial business. But of course, we are not operating this station with a view to making money. We are, however, developing this station and using every type of transmission and reception, to have them ready if and when we want them. We exchange daily code messages with England, Spain, France, Germany and Poland and we transmit and receive Vatican business regularly."

The Vatican Station is fortunate in having been granted the exclusive use of two wave-lengths, twenty meters for day-time use and fifty meters for night broadcasting. The twenty-meter length has proved best for all messages to the United States. The station has had repeated requests from broadcasting corporations in the United States for Vatican programs and hopes to respond.

"Later we may broadcast Sistine Choir concerts," the station director explained. "I do not feel that we are quite ready for such an undertaking now. Whatever we do must be well done, and while the Pope has already given his permission for the transmission of programs to the United States, we must be certain that we will do ourselves credit whenever we go on the air."

We discussed what the Vatican Radio Station could do for the peace movement. "Think of what we might have accomplished during the World War," exclaimed Father Gianfranccochi. "The voice of our radio station would have been the only impartial voice of peace. We could have handled messages in behalf of prisoners of war and their anxious relatives. In many ways we might have served the cause of suffering humanity."

"Will radio serve the cause of peace?" I asked. "I should like to think so," he answered, adding rather sadly: "It is an unhappy truth that the advance of science is sometimes misused. A good instrument is often made to serve a bad cause."

Thousands of pilgrims will soon be arriving at the Vatican railroad station, terminal of the world's shortest railroad. These pilgrims will spend part of their time in Rome on Vatican State territory and they will create a considerable amount of both postal and radio business.

That the creation of Vatican City with full facilities for publicity and communication, gives the Church a much larger opportunity to influence world opinion, has not gone unnoticed by the Italian government. There is little disposition in Fascist circles today to offend the Church. The Fascist censor uses his blue pencil freely whenever editors or government officials grow careless. Word has gone out from the source of authority in the Palazzo Venezia that Vatican officials must not be irritated by heedless comment.

It was recently a matter of current gossip in Rome that Il Duce applied censorship to his own words. In the German original of Emil Ludwig's "Conversations with Mussolini" the Fascist leader gives frank expression to his personal attitude as a free thinker. The second Italian edition of this work, which became a best seller throughout Italy overnight, is supposed to eliminate several passages contained in the first edition which were deemed offensive from the Catholic point of view.

Both the Vatican and the Italian government realize that they have little to gain from continued hostility. They have not reached complete understanding, but neither is inclined to end the truce on which they are agreed. The Vatican is steadily building up its temporal authority within the limits of the Lateran agreement. In particular, it is enforcing those agencies which enable it to reach and influence the public opinion of the world at large. The Italian government looks on tolerantly, conscious of its power, confident of popular support on any issue that may arise, determined in particular not to relinquish any part of its control over public education.

Pending the arrival of a new and perhaps more friendly régime in Italy, the Vatican is using the instruments of science now at its command to promote cultural relations with the rest of the world. In particular, it is using radio to tell the world how it conceives and interprets the latest developments in scientific fields. The only thirty-minute program conducted by the Vatican Station is the regular science lecture which is prepared for broadcast purposes by the Vatican Academy of Sciences.

Pope Pius still spends two hours of almost every afternoon in the Vatican Gardens. While he is there, the radio station is closed to visitors. Not that the Pope ever visits it—he has not been there since the day he inaugurated it. He prefers to address the world through a microphone set up in his private apartments. But when in the course of his walk he glances up at the steel towers that link his quiet retreat with the wide world, he has the right to feel that here, at least, science and religion have become reconciled.

Ora Pro Nobis

"Obedience is the grave in which
I buried my self-will."
Saint John of Climacus, pray for me.
My self-love clingeth still.

"Let there be one will for us,
But let that will be Thine."
Saint Thomas Aquinas, pray for me,
I know no will but mine.

"Let me mount swiftly to the peak
Through ice and cloudy foam."
Holy Saint Bernard, pray for me,
I go loitering home.

"O Lord, no world—no self—no sin—
I would have only Thee!"
Saint Catherine of Genoa,
In thy mercy, pray for me.

ANNARRAH LEE STEWART.

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GERMANY THE PARADOX

By MAX JORDAN

FOR THE fifth time this year will the German electorate be called upon to express its preference for parties and party creeds when the polls are opened again on November 6, just a couple of days prior to the fateful date in America. A curious mind has recently looked into the German election records of the past six years and discovered that, all told, the German voters had to fill in their federal and state electoral ballots (municipal elections were not even counted) no less than forty-five times in the course of that period. Call it democracy, parliamentary government—but the actual will of the people becomes inarticulate, if it is distorted by the mere moods of the hour. After fourteen years of experimenting, the German masses have not grown in their consciousness of civic responsibilities nor their desire for civil liberties.

When this is said, there is hardly another thing which could be asserted with certainty and safety about present-day German political life. All standards seem reversed. The whole country appears like an immense paradox, and the writer, who has been a student and close observer of things political in Germany for a score of years, must confess to his utter dismay that he cannot find a satisfactory interpretation of recent developments. All one can do is to analyze the passing phases, in an effort to discover predominant forces.

The starting point for any such analysis must be the elections of September, 1930, which followed the dissolution of the Reichstag by the then Chancellor Dr. Heinrich Bruening. Many questioned the justification of his motives when a landslide of popular votes brought the Hitler party to the very forefront of German politics. But probably it was better to face the danger in the open rather than shut one's eyes to its seriousness. From that first "Nazi" victory to the dismissal of Bruening and Von Papen's appointment in his place, Adolf Hitler has been the pivotal point of all governmental worries in Berlin. The problem was essentially how to tame the temperamental *Condottiere,* at the same time confining his impulsive movement to the roadbed of a more conservative state philosophy. Domestically, Bruening had considered this as his chief task all along. Alluring offers galore were made to the Nazi chief, and bridges of every imaginable description were built to meet his fiery demands for a "national awakening." But Hitler remained adamant. There was no use talking reason to a man whose doctrines and conduct were exclusively based on passion and mass appeal.

During the first period of the German Fascist movement Hitler had put the by far stronger emphasis on nationalism. He succeeded in arousing the instincts of the younger generation, concentrating against France as the alleged perpetrator of all evils and enthusing his fanatical followers with the ideal of chauvinism. Jews and "Marxists" were the scapegoats, and they were held responsible for the defeat in 1918 and for the "pacifistic democratic weakness" which in Hitler's opinion lay at the bottom of the Fatherland's plight.

Those were the times when Hitler could count on the support of the united front of German nationalism. Alfred Hugenberg with his following of the pre-war upper middle class, the Steel Helmet organizations, the stray groups of monarchists and especially that minority of German industry and high finance which represents all that is reactionary in social policies—all stampeded for Hitler, and, what meant more, money for the Nazi movement came from those quarters.

Particular attention must be paid to the rôle played by the Protestant Church of Germany in these developments. Hitler himself was born a Catholic. But from the very beginning of his political activities, at the time of the famous beer cellar *putsch* in Munich, he had been strongly influenced by General Von Ludendorff, Hindenburg's chief of staff during the war, who, having been disappointed in his military ambitions, had turned to the cryptic Kukluxklanlike activities of his second wife and become the founder of a kind of Teutonic religion. Frau Margarete Ludendorff wanted to reëstablish the good old Germanic divinities in their dignity and power and felt that waging a war against the curious trilogy of the Pope, the Jews and Freemasonry would best serve her purpose. The General has ever since this second marriage of his been a valiant champion of Frau Margarete's Germanic faith, and no doubt Herr Hitler was captivated at the same time, as shown by the choice of the old Arian Swastica symbol as a kind of scarecrow against the Jews and as the official emblem of his new party. An American visitor of Hitler's recently put things right when he asked him, after a protracted and rather arid interview, about his program: "I know now, Herr Hitler, what you are against—could you, please, tell me what you are for?" The answer to this pertinent question is still missing.

Hitler and his friends had never concealed their apprehension in the face of "Romanism" in Germany, and militant Protestants were quick to recognize their opportunity. Alfred Hugenberg's party, too, had consistently refused to be identified with religious tolerance. The restoration of the monarchy which is the supreme goal of his political life, he visions at the same time as the reëstablishment of Protestantism in its full pre-war glory of predominance. Both Hitler and Hugenberg were deeply suspicious of Bruening whom they regarded as the prototype of a Roman Catholic who would do nothing but take orders from the Pope, to the detriment, of course, of his own country. Thus the united front was cemented: Hitlerism, anti-

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Semitism, nationalism, anti-Romanism, unrestrained materialistic capitalism, joined hands to overthrow the republic, make an end of democracy and institute a régime of iron according to pre-war patterns.

Dr. Bruening had made more than one attempt at reconciling his foes. He repeatedly stretched out a friendly hand to Hitler, even went so far as to invite him to join his Cabinet, in the hope of taming his ardor through a cure of practical politics. But Hitler refused to be second in command. He insisted on being the Mussolini of Germany. Eventually the contrast Bruening-Hitler caused a cleavage of the whole nation. The two fronts stood in arms one against the other. There was no chance left of patching up the differences. The Hitlerites clamored for Bruening's scalp. The Nazi movement grew. Hitler was able to point at his rapidly increasing strength and influence. Something had to be done, as a state within the state was in the process of formation. There was danger of the Hitlerites undermining the very structure of the government, by setting up an executive power of their own, by fomenting open rebellion of the masses against the constituted authorities, by policing the big cities with their own private army and disturbing the whole mental equilibrium of the nation.

General Von Schleicher, in accord with a small group of men among whom Von Papen and Hindenburg's son and aide-de-camp were most prominent, then overthrew Bruening. They succeeded in convincing the eighty-four-year-old President that the preëminent task of taming this violent movement of buoyant youth, by establishing a *modus vivendi,* or at least some sort of gentlemen's agreement between Hitler and the powers that be, could not be solved by the great Centrist leader. Bruening had to go. Papen was chosen in his place because of the hope that he, as a Centrist and Catholic, although a lone fighter at the extreme Right wing of his party, would secure at least the neutrality of his friends toward the new régime. Papen was unable to justify these expectations. For the first time since the end of the war the Catholic Center became an opposition party. Hitler, however, and his lieutenants abandoned themselves to a frantic hue and cry as though Papen were nothing but a transition to their final victory, as though the game were half won. This misconception explains the neutral attitude of the Nazis toward Papen prior to the Reichstag elections of last August. Hitler thought he had reasons to believe that General Von Schleicher would pave his way and that Herr Von Papen would simply hold the throne for the coming German *Duce;* while in reality the Papen-Schleicher group, under the frank sponsorship of President Von Hindenburg, quietly undertook the first steps to destroy the very basis of the Hitler movement by taking the wind out of its sails.

The reasons for this change of front among Hitler's former nationalist sympathizers are obvious enough. With the growth of the Nazi movement, its revolutionary, and even Bolshevistic, character had become more and more apparent. The National-Socialist party discovered itself as more Socialistic than Nationalistic. The wolf threw off his sheep's clothing. With no economic betterment in sight, Hitler in power would have meant chaos and civil war. In the twelfth hour Schleicher-Papen, and with them Hindenburg, the Steel Helmets and the Hugenberg Nationalists, opened their eyes to see the imminent danger. The elections showed a continued upward trend of Hitlerism, in spite of some minor setbacks. It was high time to throw the gears into reverse, if a catastrophe was to be avoided. A few days later Hitler was offered the Vice-Chancellorship of the Reich and the Presidency of the Prussian Cabinet. The Chancellorship itself and especially the Ministry of the Reichswehr were to be kept in safe hands. Hitler refused. If he could not be in charge 100 percent, he preferred to be left out of the party altogether. That was the break. The Nazis flared up in open opposition to the Papen régime. The "nationalist" front was broken into pieces.

The death sentences against some Nazis convicted in Beuthen, the dissolution of the new Reichstag during its very first session, the rift between Hugenberg and Hitler, all these recent events are nothing but signs that the tide of Hitlerism has turned. But at this point begins the paradox. As with an army in retreat, the whole party system of Germany appears to be upside down. The first surprise after the Reichstag dissolution came from the Centrists when they took up formal negotiations with the Nazis. The Nazis themselves suddenly showed a friendly disposition toward the parliamentary system, because they felt that the Reichstag was a good platform from which to throw bricks at Herr Von Papen. On the other hand the Papen government which had put the Prussian Cabinet members out of office, because they were alleged to have been too lenient toward the Communists and not sufficiently obliging with their Fascist counterparts, was compelled to take the defensive against the Nazis with much the same measures of police restriction and censorship that were adopted by the Bruening government before. Again, the Nazis had to do considerable explaining among their Protestant electorate in view of the outspoken protest in those quarters against the tentative negotiations for a united front with the Catholic party, while the Centrists were rather at odds in fighting a Cabinet which stood for principles in many respects identical with those advocated by their own leader, Dr. Bruening.

Tot capita, tot mentes! The divergence of views and opinions in practically every province of political party life obviously was to the advantage of Papen, who could motivate his almost dictatorial procedure by pointing at the chaos among his opponents and claiming the right for his own government to reëstablish order and discipline, free from partizan strings. The sense of order which is so characteristic of the German

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people responded to his appeal for the reëstablishment of old-fashioned authority. Papen was slowly gaining in favor where Hitler was losing. Those who had voted for the Nazi chief without being in sympathy with his Socialist doctrines began to turn away from the Swastika and to rally behind the new man who promised a renaissance of the country, the reëstablishment of economic stability on the basis of the old order of things, and discipline after a Prussian fashion.

All savings-account and bank-account owners are "Papists," said the foes of the new régime. Against it stood not only the party organizations of Centrists, Social Democrats, Communists and Nazis, but with an even more pronounced feeling of open antagonism the laboring masses, all those millions who own neither bank nor savings accounts. The distinction began to be realized more bitterly than ever before between the "top dogs" and the under-dogs, especially after the publication of Papen's first emergency decree which laid new and heavier burdens on the shoulders of all employees while offering tempting advantages to the employers in industry and commerce.

Ever since, it is a current saying in Berlin that Papen's policy is "a policy of the as if." To explain the meaning of this slogan, one must recall a German philosophic school which had Hans Vaihinger of Halle as its originator and which presumes that human life is based socially, economically, culturally and in religion on pragmatic fictions as to where to start from in tackling the practical tasks of the day. Thus, Papen's critics say, the new Chancellor starts from the assumption—which is a fiction, at the same time—that a real betterment of the economic situation generally were in sight, as if by next spring, at the latest, the tide would turn and the depression be over. Very well, the critics add. But suppose the tide does not turn? Suppose Herr Von Papen's fictionalism is not corroborated by actual events? There is a limit of endurance, even for the ever-patient German masses, as shown by the collapse of the domestic front in 1918. The people are suffering. The Catholic Federation of Labor has just reported to the government, as one instance out of many, that wages in the Bavarian brick industry, after deduction of all taxes and social insurance charges, amount to 6.70 marks net (which corresponds to not quite $1.60) per week! Thus 61 percent of those participating in social insurance do not earn over 100 marks (about $24.00) per month, and from this amount insurance charges are not even deducted. Of 7,000,000 laborers comprised by one insurance group, some 1,500,000 earn between 75 and 100 marks per month, 3,000,000 between 50 and 75 marks per month, and 2,500,000 less than 50 marks (not quite $12.00) per month. In the last instance this means an individual income of about $.40 per day!

The Papen government has assured the public, time and again, that these trials must be borne only for another little while, that victory is near, that the depression will be over soon, that wages will again be increased when exports can be expanded and unemployment done away with. In a little while, perhaps by spring—the government bases all its assumptions on this fiction, on this "as if." Obviously the masses will not and cannot bear their present sacrifices indefinitely. But Papen, Schleicher and their friends are optimistic. They are bent on showing results. That is why they have set out to cut their dragon's multifold head by one stroke. Raising the issue of disarmament in the international field, reëditing the Constitution, scaling down foreign private debts—what a program for a one year's plan! And in the background looms the issue of monarchical restoration as though there weren't cares enough today, as though the unemployed could be fed with exalted nationalism, as though the wheels of history could be turned backward to 1914.

The elections of November 6 will in all probability bring forth three concrete results: heavy losses of the Nazis, maybe up to one-fourth of their present strength, an increase of Communistic votes and a decrease in the participation of the voters by some 10 percent. Speculations now afloat try to figure out the probable consequences of these results. It is possible that Papen will again try to come to terms with Hitler. It is no less likely that he will try his luck with the Centrists once more, in case Hitler should disappoint him for the second time. Whether he will succeed in either instance, seems doubtful. Only this much is certain, that the radicalization of the masses will increase in the course of the winter since no fundamental change in the economic situation is in sight anywhere. Among Hitler's followers, many will turn away from him disappointed and join Communism. The Center party will continue to be guided by the fundamental Catholic social doctrine as recently expressed in the encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno," and will not lend its support to a system of government which is not frankly based on social justice and a peaceful foreign policy. For the country's sake one must hope, therefore, that Dr. Bruening will soon again share the responsibilities of the government. Meanwhile, the situation remains paradoxical and uncertain, and there is alarming evidence that this uncertainty will persist for a good while.

Portrait of a Fruitless Prophet

He could not walk a road of stained brown earth
Mindless of small life crushed beneath his feet,
Nor touch a rose and find it merely sweet,
Who, from the veiled old years before his birth,
Had garnered to the full of his soul's girth
Hunger and understanding. So, he rose
Up from his youth and on to the calm close
Of his long days, mourning the tragic dearth
Of love and brotherhood in the world's ways,
But mourning patiently with his mouth pursed
And his face drawn with hurt, for he was not versed
In telling what he knew, or singing lays.
His eyes were such as, when men mowed and gleaned,
Saw, in a field of hay, life guillotined.

RUTH EDWARDS DAVIS.

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LITERATURE AND THE SPIRIT

By LOUIS J. A. MERCIER

WE ARE living in challenging days. The emergence of the humanistic movement in American thought, which has made the twenties appear hopelessly inadequate in their approach to the study and expression of man, may well awaken among Catholics other concerns than that of its possible inadequacy. If positivists have done so much to discredit naturalism, why should not Catholic writers, with their inheritance of human integralism, be able to make most decided contributions to this new trend toward a literature which would take into account the spiritual forces at work in human life? This thought kept obtruding upon me when, after studying the works of Babbitt and More, I came upon those of H. A. Jules-Bois. The name is familiar to the readers of THE COMMONWEAL as that of a brilliant essayist who, in recent years, though at too rare intervals, has delighted them with pithy studies. But I doubt that many have more than an inkling of the extent and variety of his creative work and of his peculiar significance at the present time.

He began writing, in the nineties, in a France still gripped by a naturalism of which our twenties were but a feeble echo. He knew personally the Parnassians. He was a comrade of the Symbolists. He discussed poetry with Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Verlaine. For some twenty years, he was the intimate friend of Huysmans and witnessed his tortured but saintly agony. The tide was turning, as it is even now turning with us. Bourget, Coppée, Verlaine, Brunetière, were becoming more conscious of the implications of the spiritual, eventually finding their way to Catholicism. The Socialist Péguy, and Psichari, the nephew of Renan, were about to follow them. They had all meditated profoundly on the mystery of man's nature. They had known the disillusion mood through which we are now passing in America, one which man must ever experience when he tries to solve his problems by denying the higher part of his being.

Sanguine, impetuous, full of the zest of life, Jules-Bois, like his great contemporaries, had to fight his way to spirituality. He began by short symbolic plays in verse in which he called upon the "divine spark" to revivify the world. To turn from a spiritual solution of the problem of sex on the heels of those who would reduce sex relations to terms of biology and economics, is to accept the degeneration of the individual and of society. Jules-Bois saw this danger in the very first days of the feminist movement. His first novel, "The Eternal Doll," showed that man must fall or rise with woman. Shortly after, in "The New Eve," he made a plea for the legitimate rights of woman against the too harsh laws of man, but, at the same time, he recalled her duties. This campaign he continued in "Restless Womanhood" and in the tragic novel, "The New Sorrow," which Marcel Prévost, of the French Academy, compared to the works of Thomas Hardy. In "The Future Couple" he pleaded for a single standard of morality for both sexes—not to be confused with our present trend toward a single standard of immorality —and sketched his conception of the regeneration of society through the ideal marriage.

At the same time, he was searching deeply into possible psychic and metapsychic manifestations in man. In his "Mysteries of Evil," prefaced by the converted Huysmans, he showed how the epidemic of Satanism at the end of the nineteenth century was, like those of the past, only the consequence of the obscuration of the higher nature of man and of the disintegration of his lower nature through the weakening of reason and the unleashing of perverse instincts. His "Lesser Religions of Paris" revealed sincere but misled strivings toward illusory worships. There again naturalism was proving fatal.

Jules-Bois had always been an omnivorous reader and, through his frequentations of the intellectual, artistic and political Paris salons, knew the value of personal contacts. He was thus impelled to make the most of his freedom to travel. He sojourned successively in Greece, where he became the friend of Venizelos, in Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Palestine. Finally, in 1901, he reached India. In Paris he had become intimate with Vivekananda. Through him he had begun to study directly the soul of that mysterious land. He now met Rabindranath Tagore, and other representative men of the East. But he chose also to mix with the people, to live in pagodas and public inns. Bred by Christianity but seared by the West's naturalistic apostasy, he came with open mind to discover what message the Orient of his day might yet hide. The experience proved decisive. His "Visions of India" should be translated into English. They are the journal of a man already racked by post-war social and philosophical world problems, yearning to find peace for himself that he might help to make it available for all. The highest Hindu philosophy, which, for instance, Irving Babbitt studies, may yield data on the dual nature of man. But the monistic pantheism into which it has degenerated, Jules-Bois found, can but lead to ultimate despair and stagnation. The idealism behind the witchery of India needs the Greek and Christian clarification.

He found his friend Vivekananda about to die, in his monastery on the shores of the Ganges. In the last pages of his "Visions" he writes:

> Vivekananda is dead. Dead also are my hopes in that Hindu philosophy for which every being is an illusion. I owe to him more than to any man my return to the

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> truth, for in the prodigious efforts which we made together to tear asunder by mere human means the veils of the infinite, I realized the limitations of both human reason and imagination. . . . Vivekananda and the spectacle of Benares had brought me back to Bethlehem.

On his way back to Paris he stopped in Rome. Leo XIII received him in a private audience and listened paternally to his story. Then, from his return to Paris until 1914, comes a bewildering variety of astonishing accomplishments. We find him associated with Flammarion in the Astronomical Society, with Frederick W. H. Myers of England and Pierre Janet, one of the foremost French psychologists, in the Society for Psychical Research of Paris, and in the Institute of Psychophysiology of the Rue St. André des Arts. As early as 1903 he analyzes the vagaries of theosophy, spiritism, occultism, in the "Invisible World." In 1904 he startled French literary circles by the success of a four-act play in verse on a subject differently treated by Euripides and Racine: "Hyppolitus Crowned." First played in the Roman amphitheater of Orange by actors of the Comédie Française, it was later adopted by L'Odéon, France's second national theater, and the book was presented to the public by the noted French critic and Academician, Emile Faguet. The very next year "The Fury," another drama in verse, again inspired by rather than adapted from antiquity, was accepted by the Comédie Française, thus winning for its author the highest honor open to French dramatists. And the very year "The Fury" was presented, Jules-Bois published his most substantial scientific work: "The Modern Prodigy," and won the praise of such psychologists as Le Bon and Janet. Within two years he expressed his philosophy in a volume of verse, "The Divine in Man," and gave it a new dramatic setting in his masterpiece, "The Two Helens." Within another year, his French Africa drama, "Naïl," was put to music and became popular in France at the Opéra Comique and in England at Covent Garden, while a new lyric drama, "Leilah," a Persian tale, was applauded by fastidious Monte Carlo. Shortly before the war, his novels, "The Ship" and "The Eternal Return," won him a new place in histories of contemporary French literature, where his name appears as poet, dramatist and novelist.

Evidently a creative urge most extraordinary in its nature can alone account for such a diversified and original production. It is the precise nature of this urge which is significant. The list of the works of Jules-Bois gives us an impression of dispersion; the study of these works, on the contrary, reveals a unity of approach to literary creation which may yet prove to be a complete renovation of the problem. If Jules-Bois, after his return from India, seemed for a space to have deserted literature for psychological research, it is only because it had occurred to him that, since the artist must deal with man, he must look into every recess of his nature. Its mystery had always haunted Jules-Bois as shown by his early works. Brought up by the Jesuits, he knew the classics and Catholicism. Caught in the whirl of naturalism, he experienced the return to the lower levels of ancient and modern scepticism. He passed through the bewilderment of his whole generation in France, but no one searched his way out with a more open mind or more fearlessly than he. And when he saw clearly that the Orient of the day had nothing to offer but the proof of the sterility of monistic dreams, when he realized that the Christian Occident still held the secret of genuine human progress, he did not remain content with the personal enjoyment of the fruits of his recovered Christian faith. He caught the challenge of the great Leo XIII to all Christians to welcome the inevitable social evolution and the findings of genuine science, and to prepare, by deeper studies, to rescue the modern world from the rebirth of that naturalism which killed the ancient.

This is how Jules-Bois came to delve into experimental psychology as others began to work for a renaissance of Thomistic Aristotelianism, and still others for a reorganization of historical studies. If he worked so many years in the clinics of the Paris Institute of Psychophysiology, it was to understand better the nature of human instincts and of their perversion so as to appreciate better the possibility of their rehabilitation. The thesis of his "Modern Prodigy" is that "metapsychical" phenomena are to be studied as projections of the subconscious personality of the mediums. His clinical work in psychotherapy led him to assert that the pervert and the addict are but "poor of will" whose conscience must be reawakened, whose self-control must be reëducated. But might there not be a mysterious spiritual element in this salvation of human derelicts? Gradually there dawned upon our investigator a conception which was henceforth to illumine his whole life work. Naturalism would limit man to purely physical reactions, conscious and unconscious. The Christian believes that there is, pressing upon man, the gift of God's grace. Upon this liaison between God and man, Jules-Bois focused his attention as a psychological investigator. This liaison he called the superconscious, the inner vehicle of "the Comforter" which is, as it were, "the apex of the soul." If Jules-Bois could combine such an abundant and original poetical production with such scientific studies, it was because he had made his new psychological insight an approach to literary creation.

His greater works will suffice to show this. In the tragedies of his predecessors based on the Phaedra-Hyppolitus story, Phaedra is the principal character and is fated to disorder, while Hyppolitus represents the contempt of a mysogenist. Jules-Bois relegates the wife of Theseus to the rôle of mere temptress, and transmutes his son's love of purity into an ideal love for a Trezenian girl. Hyppolitus's material defeat in death ends in a triumph of character symbolized by the crown of Diana placed upon his brow. There is no sting in a death crowned by spiritual victory.

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"The Fury" is a modified version of "Hercules Furens," and a contrary psychological situation from that of Hyppolitus. In the archaic setting of Thebes, the Greek demi-god, returning from the temples where he violated the secrets of Egyptian mysteries in order to conquer supreme wisdom, is seized with vertigo and commits murder because he has brought back with him an impure priestess who betrays him and turns upon him as an avenging Fury. What do knowledge and physical power avail against bestial passion? Without the tending of the "divine spark" in him, man can but become a bed of dead ashes, dust returned to dust.

I do not pretend to pass judgment on the works of Jules-Bois, "poet, philosopher, novelist, dramatist and idealist" as J. G. Huneker has called him. Literally hundreds of articles have testified to their merits and originality. Faguet, Brisson, Tailhade, Robert de Flers, Rostand, Copeau, to mention only a few, agreed that he had shown the possibility of renovating the treatment of the old tragic themes by his new psychological approach. Venizelos thought so much of his Greek dramas that he sent him the cross of the Phenix Order. Psychologists made him president of the Society for Psychical Research of Paris, and his fellow artists elected him vice-president of the Société des Gens de Lettres, the honor fraternity of French authors. The French government rewarded him with the cross of knight, then of officer, of the Legion of Honor. There is then abundant proof of the fame which he gained in his own country and abroad. Jules-Bois's works are a great source of possible inspiration to Catholic writers as well as to all interested in the spiritual.

"You should have been a prior in some vast monastery, you are erudite enough for a dozen such," wrote Huneker to Jules-Bois, as shown in his published letters. In his novels, dramas and poems, the psychological acumen, which he reveals in his scientific essays, leads to a production so tumultuous, so many-sided, so original, that several lives of prolific writers could not exhaust its indications. He has already been an inspiration in high places, for critics have noted the parallels between Richard Strauss's "Egyptische Helena" and Jules-Bois's "Hyppolite Couronné" and "Les Deux Hélènes." Here, then, is one answer to the challenge of the naturalists who, for instance, asked the humanists to give them proof of the value of a spiritual approach to literature. If the works of Jules-Bois have such peculiar significance, it is because his extraordinarily keen consciousness of the "divine spark" in man enabled him to reach always unerringly what must ever be the essence of the truly dramatic in human events, whatever the particular situation may be: the struggle between man's higher and lower natures, against the background of God's eternal laws and Providence.

What was the effect of the war on such a career? Too old to serve in the army, Jules-Bois was sent as a lecturer first to Spain, then to the United States. Since the war he has given us as yet no new drama or novel, but he has none the less been creative. Without breaking with his past, he has reconstructed his thought in the light of the exigencies of the new age. Already, before the war, as president of the Félibres of Paris, he had worked with the great Provençal poet, Mistral, for greater international understanding, through literary festivals which brought together at Sceaux poets and representatives of the Latin nations. Now, looking at the post-war world from American shores, his vision grew wider. He conceived not an internationalism, but, to use a word which he has coined, an "interpatriotism." He would not neutralize nations and leave them an amorphous mass, but he would develop the distinctive character of each and harmonize all into a mightier polyphony. He found himself at one with "the spirit of Locarno" of his friend Briand. Why not a European federation while waiting for the advent of the far-away ideal of the United States of the world? It must remain a dream if based on a trust in the mythical natural goodness of man, but it is an attainable ideal if it springs from the realization of the spiritual fraternity of mankind and voices itself in the prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Before the war, Tolstoy had paid tribute to Jules-Bois's idealism. A "Who's Who" of the *premiers Européens,* in the sense of the first workers for the federation of Europe, has just been published in Paris, including the names of such well-known statesmen and diplomats as Briand and Stresemann, and also the name of Jules-Bois, although few literary men are mentioned.

But there is another aspect of his growth since the war that challenges attention. He came to explain his country to us and his imagination was captured by ours. He stayed on, he perfected his English, he lectured, he wrote. America, after India, had proved the most vital experience of his life.

> From India I learned the danger of looking on the world as an illusion; America, on the other hand, has taught me to understand better the power of action.

He saw in the skyline of New York a new surging upward of the human spirit. The skyscraper, with its foundations in the soil, its towers filled with the activities of men, its upper terraces rising into the light, appeared to him as another symbol of man's triple nature, subconscious, conscious and superconscious. Material progress may make possible greater spiritual progress. In our bustling cities, he visioned the promise of a civilization dedicated to the welfare and growing dignity of all the people, at the very time when our naturalists could only see its shortcomings, and many foreign critics, likewise, failed to note the realistic idealism latent in American life. In fact, he wrote a book about it in English which he called "Democracy."

Here then, again, the spiritual approach was proving fruitful, this time not only in inspiring literary work but in leading toward a judiciously hopeful outlook in all domains as opposed to naturalistic pessimism.

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This was to be expected. The materialistic naturalism has always swung from dreams of humanitarian progress to bitter disenchantment, because it begins by putting too much trust in man's natural goodness and, on the other hand, denies the element of supernatural redemption ever present in him. The believer in the spiritual, on the contrary, knows that, while men may often be actually repulsive, there is, nevertheless, something lovable in all because they remain linked, however precariously, with the ultimate Truth, Goodness and Beauty, which is their end. Thus the spiritual approach may not only lead the creative artist to ever fresh springs of inspiration, but it may give him the judiciously optimistic vision of relations between man and man, between man and woman, between nation and nation, limitless in their perfectibility, because their boundaries are those of the infinite Kingdom of God.

This is what, it seems to me, the many-sided work of Jules-Bois may help us to realize more vitally. It is unfortunate that his thought has not had, during his stay in the United States, an even wider circulation, though we have his magazine articles, his communication to the "International Congress of Psychology" held at Yale in 1929, and his editorials in French and other newspapers which alone would be sufficient to show the breadth and depth of treatment his method makes available for the analysis of men and events. He is one of the few survivors of that generation which, in France, toward the end of the nineteenth century, began to challenge naturalism and whose work is only beginning to bear fruit. He is the only one who has made a prolonged stay in our midst. We may be sure that on his approaching return to his own country he will prove a competent and devoted interpreter of American life, just as he has proved to be for us a unique representative of the spiritual renaissance and of the truly liberal thought of twentieth-century France. He is a living example of what can be achieved through a spiritual approach to the problems of art as well as of life. To those who would like to see how such an achievement was actually carried out, to the plaudits of a capital which had not forgotten the sardonic smile of a Voltaire, nor the indulgent languor of a Renan, and which enjoyed the exquisitely worded disenchantment of an Anatole France, I recommend for study the works of H. A. Jules-Bois.

THE VILLAIN OF THE ECONOMIC PIECE

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

ACCORDING to the cables, the indebtedness of the American farmers has become an issue in the presidential election. Senator Borah is quoted to the effect that farmers are burdened with loans running into billions, mostly contracted when prices were higher in price. In THE COMMONWEAL of September 16, 1931, appeared an article entitled "Usury as a New Issue." Since then the subject has been discussed by international economists in three quarterly issues of the *Economic Journal*. Interest, not merely immoderate interest, is under attack by up-to-date economists on strictly economic grounds. One analyst of the bewildering world slump declared interest to be the villain of the piece. Mr. J. M. Keynes, not in the least a mediaevalist, says he has come to the conclusion that interest, at least too high interest, is the villain of the piece. It may be found that interest is mainly responsible for those alternations of boom and slump which are called the business cycle. I believe that economic thought is now on a trail that will lead it to Saint Thomas Aquinas.

As usual, it is practical experience that has given the jolt to theory. In THE COMMONWEAL article to which reference was made it was said: "The system of loans at interest . . . is actually on the point of wholesale repudiation throughout the world." This appeared less than a week before Britain abandoned the gold standard, and since then the history of international finance has been one default after another. The outstanding sterling loans quoted on the London Stock Exchange in default total £138,000,000. This does not take account of the repudiated debts of Mexico and Russia. The rot that has attacked international debts has spread to internal debts in countries where there has been a heavy fall of the price level. American farmers and British industrialists burdened with mortgages and debentures are caught in the same toils as the Brazilian coffee grower and the Chilean nitrate producer. Debts cannot be paid unless there is a raise of the price level. To raise the price level is one of the prime objects of the forthcoming World Economic Conference. Whether controlled inflation is safe and practicable is still to be proved. It is of importance therefore to ask whether the evil of unsupportable loan charges might have been avoided. Yes, if the value of money could have been kept stable, would be the answer of the average economist. The rejoinder to him would be that the credit system is probably the main cause of price instability and furthermore that interest, because of its fixity, is the main obstacle to costs adjusting themselves to changes in prices. If costs could be quickly and easily adjusted, price instability would lose most of its terrors.

The special responsibility of fixed interest for disequilibrium between costs and prices was explained at length in THE COMMONWEAL article referred to and there need be no repetition here. What is worth noting is the revision of theory now engaging the attention of progressive economists. The ordinary text-book theory is that interest is the earnings or remuneration of capi-

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tal, as wages is of labor, rent of land and profit of management and risk-bearing. This theory is now attacked as fallacious. Interest is paid only on loans of money, and money is not capital. There is no serious dispute that interest has reference only to money, the battle is joined on the question whether money can be regarded as capital. The word capital has two senses, lucrative capital in the sense of property used to obtain income, and instrumental capital in the sense of wealth used to produce further wealth. Money unquestionably comes under the definition of lucrative capital but this could only make it capital from the individual, not the social, viewpoint. It may obtain an income for its owner while doing nothing but serving to dissipate the real wealth of the community, as in the cases of the village usurers of India and the vampire money-lenders who take advantage of the follies and necessities of individuals in our own civilization. Hence the defenders of interest are not satisfied with showing that money is capital in the narrow and invidious sense of being able to obtain an income for its owners. They strain to show that money is capital in the sense of being productive. Money is described as representative capital because it can be converted into, i.e., exchanged for, real capital at will. Money is purchasing power, it is "command over things in general," and a loan of money is a transfer of such power of command and therefore virtually a transfer of capital.

But this attempt to express money as equivalent to capital is like saying that money in hand is equivalent to money spent. Money is representative capital just as much and just as little as it is representative mutton or anything else in the market. The phrase "command over things in general" confuses the distinction between possibility and realization. The command is held only as long as nothing is commanded. Purchasing power ends with its exercise. An attractive young lady may be able to choose from among a large number of suitors but she can only choose one. She has exhausted her choice when she has used it. The command which money gives over things in general ceases to the extent that it is exercised over anything in particular.

All this may seem metaphysical, verbal sparring; its only use is to give a shaking to those mesmerized by text-book jargon. The practical point, made by Saint Thomas Aquinas, is that the lender of money does nothing but lend it; he does not use it productively; if it is used productively it is by the borrower. The mediaeval canonists, following Aristotle, used to speak of money as barren, but they would not have objected to our saying that it may be used productively, that is, to purchase productive goods. A borrower who spends borrowed money for production becomes the owner of productive apparatus and working capital. Having spent the money, he never thinks of the money as remaining his; he has become the owner of real capital instead of money. Naturally he has a right to what his capital produces, for a thing fructifies for its owner. The lender of the money is not the owner of the borrower's capital, of the farm or machines or merchandise or whatever it might be. The lender is careful to stipulate that his claim is to money and nothing else; he accepts no responsibility for the capital owned and used by the borrower. The lender cannot, therefore, on the canonist argument, claim interest on the ground of the productivity of another person's property.

Here one reaches the heart of the mediaeval teaching against interest, but the prime concern of the mediaevalist was with ethics and my concern is exclusively economic. The text-books will say that the lender has saved wealth, and saving is a service to production that must be encouraged by reward in the form of interest. The text-book argument is upset by the new economic theory rapidly gaining ground and put in its most challenging form by Mr. J. M. Keynes. Saving by itself is no service to production; on the contrary, it is an absolute disservice, being the cause of depression, business losses and unemployment. A reader need not be an economist to see that saving in the sense of hoarding is a withdrawal of resources from trade and industry. Saving only becomes beneficial instead of injurious to production when it takes the form of investment, that is, when saving means that goods are used in production instead of for immediate enjoyment. There can be saving without investment in all sorts of ways besides vulgar hoarding. Money put into the banks as time deposits may be saving without investment, and it is urged that in times of depression it is against public policy for banks to allow interest on such deposits.

Now if this new theory be true, that saving by itself is bad, and that it is only investment that makes it good, there is much point in saying that it is not the saver, as such, nor the lender, as such, but the investor in capital goods who makes the wheels of industry go round. The distinction between saving and investing, made by Mr. Keynes, is virtually the distinction between money loans and investment. It necessitates a sharp distinction between money and capital. Thus Mr. Keynes, most untraditional of economists, finds himself in the historic camp of the canonists. For the canonists were insisting that the lending of money was not the investment of capital when they classified money as a "fungible," a thing consumed in being used, or in other words, that it could only be used by being spent. Its use was as a medium of exchange, it might be exchanged for productive goods, but the productivity of such goods was due to the owner of the goods, not to the lender of the money. The canonist prohibitions of interest were directed to the practical end of insuring that gain was not made merely by the use of money, that is, merely by saving and lending, but only by investment in capital goods. Mr. Keynes's ultra-modern analysis has led him to a conclusion anticipated by the old canonists, with their doctrine of money as a fungible, and the analysis has opened a vista of very far-reaching changes in economic theory, especially as regards the credit system.

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NOT IMPORTANT

By MARY R. WALSH

THE LEARNED and reverend lecturer was holding his audience and would usually have held me. But while apparently attentive, I was grappling with a distraction of major proportions. Forty million children were haunting me—a phantom horde with vast needs and vast potentialities, forty million American children whose mental life would be deeply affected for good or ill, by books read out of school. A hungry multitude, and Catholic books to satisfy their need as scant as the loaves and the fishes! At tea after the talk, there was a loosening of tongues.

"I am interested in children's literature, Father," I began, and was as surprised as he to find my thoughts emerging, as if of their own accord, in a long speech. "I don't suppose many people realize the great activity in that field. Children's rooms in the public libraries are crowded from coast to coast. Libraries are considered necessary for every school, and classroom collections are becoming part of the regular teaching equipment. This is all for informal reading. Educators seem to be quite generally agreed that one of the best things that can be done for a child is to give him a love of good reading. They are going at this by supplying informative and imaginative reading for every age in the most attractive form they can afford. And publishers in the last ten years have brought out a wealth of colorful books, well printed and well bound. The children of no other nation in the world's history have been so fortunate! And how the children respond!"

He sighed faintly as I paused for breath. Not pausing to interpret this, I plunged on.

"It is really inspiring to see how the children drink up the nourishment in those books. I mean books like 'The Goldsmith of Florence' for art, 'The Winged Horse' for poetry, 'The New History of Mankind,' 'The Stars for Sam,' the readable 'Joan of Arc' by Eaton. How much sooner we should have come to an appreciation of the things that interest us most if we could have had books like these when we were young!"

I thought of long queues of children waiting for their books after school, in city after city, branch after branch. In my mind's eye I saw them filing up to the big central desks. "Have you got another book about explorers?" "My little sister wants a story about saints and beasts." From a little dark-eyed boy, "The other lady gave me this life of Christ and I took it home." A fleeting look of alarm on the librarian's face. "And what did you think of it, Abie?" "Gee, I think they treated Him real mean."

I saw the book wagons lurching over country roads from Maine to California carrying a welcome cargo, and greeted by eager children everywhere.

"I am coming to my point, Father," I said assuringly. I knew I was taking too much of his time, and that his mind was probably still running on his own subject. But he seemed almost reconciled on account of others nearby who wore polite but pouncing expressions and whom I was temporarily holding at bay.

"All this unselfish activity, this still growing development, this striking educational effort, and so little participation by Catholics, so little direction of any part of it to Catholic ends!"

I suddenly realized that I was in the vaulted hall of a Catholic college, and became conscious of the volume of sound from the assembly which filled it. All at once my voice seemed lost in the little waves of chatter, and my ideas hopeless, but I stumbled on.

"I don't suppose you have read many books on children's reading, Father?" I could see by his expression that I was right. "It is an interesting study, beginning with the "Orbis Pictus" in the fifteenth century, and coming down through the little flowery paper-covered books of Newbery to the great editors in this country, Scudder and Mary Mapes Dodge, who thought the best authors and the best illustrators none too good for young readers.

"There are almost no Catholic names among the authors of American classics for children, which isn't surprising perhaps. We have been fortunate, however, in having many good Catholic authors. But why should we cling to them when their day is past, when sentimental long-winded approach is as out of date as the polka, and the language of the eighties like an unfamiliar dialect to new readers? Don't you sympathize with the enlightened and progressive nuns who want school libraries and who are searching for books of a Catholic flavor which will stand on a level with the rest of their collections. In so many academies where they try to have only Catholic publications, what rows of dull volumes in fine print with the omnipresent 'Fabiola,' and the works of Father Finn! In locked cases, too! And how little demand for the key!

"Sometimes it seems as if the whole body of standards developed by specialists in children's literature were unheard of by Catholic writers and publishers, their product falls so much in the lowest classification —the cheap series books. I wonder if they know that in the library schools and wherever children's books are studied, it is considered axiomatic that series books are to be viewed with distrust, as there is seldom more than one vital book in the lot, and the rest are apt to be timewasters. Books for children should have an individual character in text and format. They shouldn't be machine-made, all on the same pattern."

The reverend speaker's tea was finished. "But will you have a cake, Father?" It wasn't Lent. He would.

"It isn't simply that Catholic children get a distorted view, finding little reference to things Catholic in all the hundreds of books in the children's rooms except for an occasional disparaging implication. There is the lost opportunity, too, of bringing the non-Catholic child to a more sympathetic understanding. Historical stories like Willa Cather's written for younger readers would be fascinating to all American

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children. The part played by Catholics in the founding of the country has had scant emphasis, though we have Pilgrims on every side. It is no solution to offer cheap books poorly printed, and moralistic in tone. We must interpret the world in terms of today, not yesterday, to the Catholic and non-Catholic children of our country. giving them a glimpse of Catholic history and Catholic philosophy and the rich streams of Catholic culture. It seems a shame," I concluded lamely, "that in all the books handed out daily in thousands of cities to eager-eyed youngsters there is almost never anything that will be helpful to them in a religious way."

My listener was now bringing his mind fully to bear on these awkwardly expressed ideas, but I could see that his interests were elsewhere.

"No doubt," he said at last, his blue eyes meeting mine with an expression kindly but remote. "No doubt," he said, "but I don't think it is important."

REVERENT AGNOSTICISM

By EDMUND BOOTH YOUNG

AN ATTITUDE toward the meaning and nature of life which is gaining in acceptance, as Protestant orthodoxy and Protestant liberalism lose ground, is agnosticism described as "reverent." One whom the writer believes he may still call a friend—a really choice person dwelling, as he says, on the "rather wind-swept open fields of liberalism"—writes: "To me there are only three tenable positions. One is a reverent agnosticism which, holding these questions [Christian beliefs] unanswerable, simply puts them aside. One is the authority of the Roman Church. And the other is our own [liberal] position of individual authority and the emphasis upon the method rather than upon a creed." I think that my friend, whom I truly esteem, is just about one-third right, not to make a point of the fact that his liberal position and reverent agnosticism are to some extent commingled.

The agnostic in the presence of the more profound problems which arise from a consideration of his environment and relationships admits his defeat. He is baffled. He does not know, and he may say that not he nor anyone can know. Sometimes he is a parader of his perplexities, a slave to the material and mechanistic, a Hun amongst the sanctities; but sometimes, though always spiritually incapacitated, he is reverent in his agnosticism. His position is, according to my friend, a tenable one. Unable to assent to fundamental ideas such as lie at the foundation of Christianity and unmoved by the really valid reasonings of natural theology, he retains, nevertheless, a sense of awe and wonder. This he thinks of as justifying his claim to be religious.

One can feel kindly toward the reverent agnostic because there is a sensitiveness in his soul; yet one pities him because back of and sustaining what arouses awe and wonder in him he can see no transcendent Personality. In most cases the reverent agnostic was once a theist. In his earlier days he believed in God, and to him the heavens declared the glory of God and the firmament showed the Divine handiwork. When asked if he believed in God, he replied simply "Yes," without questioning with a show of cleverness, "What do you mean by the term?" Then he knew. Later came an eclipse of reason and faith, and only awe and wonder remained. But it is good that his soul is still sensitive.

As I have said, the reverent agnostic, though responsive to manifestations of power, immensity, order, grandeur, beauty, cannot see the Creator-Artist Who is responsible for all the objects of his awe and admiration. Even as the reverent agnostic is stirred by all that is wonderful and lovely, so is the believer in God, but his reverence passes beyond the immediate object to the Divine Cause and reaches finally a Personality, creative and sustaining. Reverence to him has in it a large element of love, and his love reaches out to a divinely satisfying object of love. "Gustate, et videte, quoniam suavis est Dominus." Believing in the Incarnation, he knows the more surely and perfectly the lovableness of God and is assured that his love is returned. The reverent agnostic may indeed love nature, but he is enamored of the finite—of nothing higher than nature.

The believer in God is able to fasten his affection on something more than the evanescent because, having reasoned from effect to cause and from a series of finite causes to an infinite First Cause, he has come to believe in Divine Personality. To him this Divine Personality is good and benevolent and purposeful, for a consideration of things in general and of man in particular has led him to believe that creation is not the expression of a mere whim. Creation is for something and man for an end. The end of man must accord with the justice of God and must satisfy that need of God which man has always felt. If man is not for eternity, God is not just and good, for man has experienced the extreme inequalities and injustices of life and in many instances his only support has been in the hope and expectation that there will come a time when he will attain to his best estate and condition. The truly devout have tasted "how gracious the Lord is"; therefore, if in dying man must lose his supreme delight, God has only taunted him. As someone has said, "It is incredible that the highest aspirations of reason should be aimless, and the noblest energies of man should ever be emptying themselves into a void."

Man is a moral being, and his moral responsibility can be accounted for only on the ground that there is a super-human standard to which he must conform his life. That which makes him say, "I ought," cannot be merely human custom. Man conforms to human custom sometimes readily enough, but he does so with the strongest sense of obligation only when he traces the particular custom back to God.

In the course of his reasoning the theist comes face to face with the unique Person of Jesus Christ. The Founder of Christianity truly lived, as most scholars, disregarding the Christ-Myth theory, admit. The life of Christ, the depth of His teaching, the power of His works, His centering of vital faith upon Himself (as no other religious teacher has done), testify to the truth of His claim and His revelation. The lives and martyrdoms of His Apostles witness to their complete subjection to their Lord in faith and service. The triumphs of the Church in the world and in individual lives give assurance that the religion of Christ was of God. Thus the believer, having first reasoned from creation to God, considers then the history of Him on Whom Christianity is founded, weighs His claims, thinks of His works, estimates His Personality, and finally, as the most reasonable conclusion, accepts Him as the God-Man.

Having accepted the Gospel of Jesus Christ upon the sufficient ground of the compelling authority of His Personality, then that faith received from Him is proven by its fruits.

Unlike the reverent agnostic, the believer is blessed by something more than an emotion of awe and wonder: he has real ground for his hope in the happy outcome of his life and he is buoyed and sustained by it. He lives with enthusiasm, for to him life is supremely worth while.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Late Christopher Bean

NOT IN many days have I enjoyed a straight comedy as much as Sidney Howard's "The Late Christopher Bean." It is fashioned after an original French play by René Fauchois, but what with the transposition of the scene to New England and the completely Yankee characterizations and motivations, it is properly listed as Mr. Howard's own play. That fact alone should insure reasonably good entertainment, for Sidney Howard at his best is one of our most expert playwrights, and at his worst is much better than the average. This particular play happens to be Mr. Howard in his best vein, sympathetic, resourceful, gently ironic and overflowing with keen observations. His exaggerations are those of the theatre.

It appears that in a small town near Boston there once lived a young and tubercular genius named Christopher Bean, a painter whose modernistic methods were, to say the least, unappreciated by the chromo-minded townsfolk and above all by the family of Dr. Haggett, with whom he lived. The only person in the entire town who seemed to understand what Bean was striving for was Abby, the general maid in the Haggett household. She it was who helped to nurse Bean through his days of illness, who listened to him by the hour, who sat for his masterpiece (a portrait of herself scraping carrots) and who treasured his paintings after his untimely death. For the rest —Bean died owing Dr. Haggett some hundred dollars for board, and those of his paintings which Abby failed to hide were used to mend leaks in the family chicken-house or as spare canvases on which one of the ambitious daughters of the family painted atrocious "still life" of her own.

Then, some fifteen years later, it happened that a few of Bean's pictures fell under the eyes of some discerning art critics. He became the vogue. Some of his letters to a dear friend were published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, letters which revealed much of his life with the Haggetts, and dwelt lengthily on the rare character of Abby. Mr. Howard's play opens the day after the publication of these letters. Needless to say, the estimable and impoverished Dr. Haggett knows nothing of the rising fame of his former boarder. His wife and two daughters stand in equal ignorance, and even Abby, who is about to leave to take care of some orphaned nieces and nephews, carries only her own unsupported faith in Christopher Bean.

The play concerns the transformation in Dr. Haggett's character wrought by the descent upon his peaceful home of a small army of art dealers and critics in search of possible fragments and remainders of Bean's work. Haggett is bewildered and incredulous, at first, but the germ of greed gradually enters his erstwhile kindly soul. At first he gives away the chicken-house canvas—and then nearly explodes when he discovers its true value. He begins to battle with his conscience concerning the portrait of Abby. Shall he wheedle it out of her without telling her its value? Does it not, in fact, belong to him, since it was painted at a time when Abby was in the Haggett's employ? The kindly doctor becomes overnight a potential crook of the first magnitude, lured by the prospects of thousands of dollars of hidden treasure. The part that Abby plays in all this confusion, and the barometer of emotions of the Haggett family at various stages of the excitement furnish material of the kind which Sidney Howard treats with relish. It would be unfair to the author to disclose the outcome. Suffice it to say that "The Late Christopher Bean" has extraordinary qualities of sustained suspense right up to the final curtain.

Gilbert Miller has chosen an almost perfect cast for this delightful battering of the Philistines. Pauline Lord, as Abby, and Walter Connolly, as Dr. Haggett, head the list. It is no disparagement of Miss Lord's inimitable flare for character and comedy to say that Walter Connolly holds equally high rank as an artist. It is a rare treat for lovers of the finest acting to find them both on the same program. But Mr. Miller has gone a few steps farther in adding, for good measure, Beulah Bondi as Mrs. Haggett. There are people who will tell you, and quite justly, that Miss Bondi is likewise, in her own right, one of our finest character actors, with an ability to be all things to all plays. Clarence Derwent, George Coulouris and Ernest Lawford are also excellent as two piratical art dealers and an art critic respectively. This play is an unusual treat if you are looking for entertainment of a non-sensational order. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

Liliom

MEMORIES are sometimes deceptive—but not in the case of "Liliom," which the Theatre Guild originally produced many years ago. Then, as now, Eva Le Gallienne played the part of Julie, and Joseph Schildkraut the title rôle. But something seems to have been added to the play in the intervening years, and I suspect that this impression stems from the greater freedom and warmth of the production under Miss Le Gallienne's personal direction, and from the greater maturity in her own art and that of Mr. Schildkraut. At all events, "Liliom" remains, for all its confusion of ideas, one of the more distinguished plays of the century, and Eva Le Gallienne's acting in it is more than ever something to be cherished and remembered.

It will be remembered that the play begins in a mood of stark realism, recounting the meeting and union of Liliom, the merry-go-round barker, and Julie, the servant girl, that it leads up to the point where the arrogant Liliom, rather than work for an honest living, and faced with the expectation of Julie's child, attempts the dark business of stealing and possibly murdering, only to be caught and to commit suicide rather than fall into the hands of the police. He is brought back to the mutely stricken Julie and dies in her arms, with the hope in his heart that he may yet see God. From then on the play becomes sheerest fantasy, taking Liliom to the heavenly "police court," where he is made to see himself in his true colors and is given fifteen years of purging fire as a sentence, after which he is permitted to return to earth for one day to perform just one good deed which will make him worthy to attain eternal happiness. In spite of the "Green Pastures" treatment of this episode, Molnar is plainly driving at many serious thoughts of deathbed desire for God and of a divine justice surpassing human judgment. He is not always clear. He often blurs his design for the sake of satire or comedy. But there are passages in both the first and second parts of the play of rich intuition, charity and pity. Miss Le Gallienne, who is opening her season with this play after a year's rest, gives generously of her finest art to the part of Julie. Mr. Schildkraut has greatly deepened the feeling and sincerity of his work as the poor braggart who found God through a dying hope. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE BONUS

Mankato, Minn.

TO the Editor: You may ask the question, "What is the bonus?" before a gathering of United States senators, before an assembly of governors of the state, or any other body of supposedly intelligent men, and you will get a confusion of half a dozen issues, but no definite answer. On the other hand if you put the same question to an assembly of our ordinary citizens the answer is about like this: "G-r-r-r-r . . . Rr-r-r-r-r- . . . never . . . able-bodied . . . hospital . . . panhandlers . . . never . . . taxes . . . robbers . . . politics . . . gg-r-r-r-r crooked . . . patriots. . . . See'm in . . . rr-r-r-r. . . ."

This is as intelligent an answer or argument as has appeared either from the press or the platform since the question has presented itself. Surely there are some in the reading world who are willing to give a few minutes of their time to a consideration of a question that affects the honor of the nation so deeply. We must either believe that we owe the soldiers a straight honest debt that we are, under one pretext or another, deferring the payment of, or that our men who, under order from the republic carried our flag into foreign lands and brought it back to us unstained and crowned with laurel, have suddenly deteriorated into a rabble beefing around and asking for a gift for having performed their duty as citizens.

There is really no mystery about this matter to an honest mind. When war was declared we were up against several propositions. The republic called millions of men out of the economic system and placed them under the War Office. Even in the matter of crime committed among them, they were tried by their own courts. Their dependents became the wards of the republic. In their new status as soldiers, not citizens, they were under the control of the War Department, which on its part was obligated to provide arms, food, shelter, clothing, transportation and a small amount of money often spoken of as wages, but which was really a provision against hardship for the man during the exigencies of war.

This has been the custom among civilized nations from time immemorial. Nor are we the first that have refused this obligation. The history of the Roman Republic gives several instances of where the soldiers revolted for this very cause. The sum paid the soldiers is fixed by the government without consulting them, and they have no surety for its payment save the nation's honor. The sum to be paid our soldiers was $1.00 per day while in this country and $1.25 beyond seas.

If this money had been paid, a vexing problem of the war would never have existed.

But it was not paid. The obvious reason that it was not paid, was the action of the War Risk Insurance Commission, which was made a law by Congress. This commission had for chairman a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, so we may take it for granted that he knew the law. I have never studied law as a science, and have never got beyond believing that the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," means to give to all men what belongs to them, and to respect their property, and that it forbids all unjust taking or keeping of what belongs to another. This commission, being better informed of course, did not respect the right of the soldier in his dollar, but proceeded to divide it among various dependents, who were actually the wards of the nation, and not the responsibility of the soldier, since he had entered into the complete service of his country, not even reserving his life.

It may be said that the soldier alloted these sums to his dependents of his own free will and accord, but remember that the club held over him was that his dependents would not be forwarded one cent of their allowance until he gave his allotment.

In this way it may be seen that a vast stream of money belonging to the soldier was arrested in the United States Treasury, and used for paying the nation's obligations to its various wards. The allotment to a wife was fixed at $15.00. An ex-wife with alimony, had her claim based on the alimony.

It was all very complicated, but it gives us an idea of where the word "bonus" comes from: it is these gifts that the men paid into the United States Treasury to help the nation care for its wards. Another great gift to the treasury was the insurance. The youngest soldier was paying at least $5.00 a month. He paid this up to the time he was killed, and if he wasn't killed he had the privilege of turning his insurance over into one of the old-line insurances and no harm done. This also may be looked on as a gift or bonus to the nation. Let us hope that we will learn sometime who were the givers and who were the receivers.

Our great loss in the war was the loss of confidence in the government by those who served. It is like the desolation of a son who finds that his father is not an honorable man; he loves him still with a wild grief, but his respect for him is dead.

There is no one so confused in his mind that he thinks this is the proper time to bring up the paying of the bonus, but the time to pay a debt is when it is due, and every year that passes makes the payment more urgent. If this country must default, in the name of God, let us default anywhere rather than on the men who each one were laid on the altar of sacrifice in 1917.

But it has not come to that, and, though propaganda and politics have done much to alienate the people from the soldiers in the past ten years, I believe they still have a warm place in their hearts. I further believe that if the government would issue bonds of small denomination within reach of the ordinary man and woman, sufficient to pay off this obligation, that there would be a quick end to this disgraceful situation, and, further, there would be more idle money put in circulation than any relief effort has yet called out.

Furthermore, from my own personal knowledge of the women of the United States, learned from actual contact with them during the early days of the organization of the American Legion Auxiliary, I believe that they are capable of taking up such a bond issue themselves, that our men may recover their lost faith and that this stain may be removed from our nation.

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER,
Organizing Chairman of the A. L. A.

Crockett, Calif.

TO the Editor: May I suggest an argument in favor of the bonus payment which I have not seen advanced so far. Indeed the argument is good for the payment of pensions to all veterans, widows of veterans, husbands of remarried widows of veterans, their children and grandchildren. The argument is this: the more we pay for the last war, the more likely we are to think twice before starting or being drawn into another war. Let's make war so burdensome for ourselves and the generations to come that it will become financially impossible.

And as for the immediate payment of the bonus, I think that a little inflation will be just the thing. The vast body of American debtors, cracking under the strain of debts incurred under inflated valuations, have a right to relief by being allowed to pay with inflated currency. Please pass this to Father John A. Ryan.

A. R. Bandini.

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THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: "My position has always been that we have made a serious mistake as a people in embodying the Eighteenth Amendment in our Constitution, and I am for its repeal." So spoke Colonel Donovan on October 20 at Ogdensburg. In March, 1929, Senator Reed of Missouri told the Senate that "prohibition was the crime of crimes which had been committed in the matter of legislation in the United States." To which Senator Borah replied: "With that I cannot agree. It may be a mistake; the people of the United States may have erred in their judgment. . . . But it was not a crime."

It is strange that Colonel Donovan should repeat the great error of fact contained in the Borah statement.

It was my privilege to correct Senator Borah in an open letter which was published throughout the country. I asked why he undertook to defend the "people" against something in which "we, the people," had no part whatever. That "something" was the alleged making of the alleged Eighteenth Amendment.

He was reminded that he and his 1917 associates in Congress carefully avoided sending their proposed amendment to the people to be made or rejected by them "in the only manner in which they can act safely, effectively, and wisely, on such a subject, by assembling in convention" in their several states. (Marshall in M'Culloch v. Maryland.) Notice the word "effectively." Then remember that Marshall was at Valley Forge during the successful fight of the people to make it the supreme law of America that government power against human rights must be derived from the "consent of the governed."

Senator Borah was also reminded that he and his 1917 associates in Congress deliberately defied that supreme law and sent their proposed amendment to "governments" to get their consent instead of the "consent of the governed."

In conclusion, the Senator was asked whether he had chosen to defend the people against the charge because he knew no way in which he could attempt a defense of the real culprits, the thirty-six governments which had committed the "crime" or "mistake" of defying the supreme law of the land by their act of "pretended legislation," their pretended Eighteenth Amendment grant of power to government against the governed without consent of the governed.

For more than three years since that open letter, the answer of Senator Borah has been a complete and impressive silence.

Colonel Donovan was not in the Congress of 1917. He was at the front in our war, while Senator Borah and his associates planned to ignore and defy the great achievement of an earlier American war—imperative necessity of consent of the governed to any grant of power to government against human rights.

So it may be that the Colonel is unaware that "we, the people," could not possibly "have made a serious mistake as a people in embodying the Eighteenth Amendment in our Constitution."

In that pretended embodiment, Colonel Donovan, "we, the people," had no part whatever. While you played your part in our war, all that happened about the alleged Eighteenth Amendment was that our limited government at Washington tried the "experiment, noble in motive," of pretending to get from governments power against us in a matter in which we had carefully kept power from our government when "we" made "our Constitution."

"Who but the people can delegate powers? . . . What have the state governments to do with it?" (Pendleton, Virginia Convention, 1788.)

FRANCIS X. HENNESSY.

A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Taunton, Mass.

TO the Editor: It seems to me that the letter, "A Layman's Plaint" appearing in your issue of October 12, must have slipped through the careful scrutiny of your office force. The letter appears to be the miasma of a disgruntled creature. The pharisaical "curosity" as to "the mortality among our lawful pastors" surely doesn't come from one who is at all familiar with the catechism's chapter on the Church.

There is to be found no good suggestion in the letter—nothing but sarcastic criticism, from a peeved individual.

Why, yes, here is a reason—"I flitted into the sacristy." Now reread the letter with that thought in mind.

I wonder how many of our pastors and assistants are annoyed by these "flitterers," who are flittering and fluttering about the sacristies of our churches asking idiotic questions; minding everybody's business but their own; trying to inform our priests how to govern their parishes, while many of these flitterers, by heredity or strain, are on the verge of mental collapse.

I do not believe that every pastor sees a "sea of blank faces" every Sunday in the churches; there are plenty of us seated out there from every walk in life, who surely show signs of intelligence, and are anxious to hear what our priests—those chosen by God to preach His word, the *Alteri Christi*—have to say. And further their minds are not all concerned with "wardrobes" and "split infinitives."

Bearing out the idea of a disgruntled flitterer is the sarcastic and, to my mind, the unwarranted statement: "low-brow brethren catalogue culture with the Christmas collection—the pastor takes it up." That remark does not come from any self-respecting Catholic. Frequently and regrettably money talks do absorb much of our priests' time, but as a member of a church committee, I know, at first hand—not from flittering—they are necessary.

You can readily imagine what attitude your correspondent assumes, when she crosses the threshold of a church. Is it that of the Pharisee? It cannot be the Publican.

The dear (?) old lady, who has been flittering around for "twenty years," jotting down perorations, lets us into the secret —"murder will out"—she must have tried to be "first in command" and lost out. Sad indeed!

Is this another secret too? She loves the "newly-ordained"—"fair, strong, earnest, white youth"—aye more, "a satisfying sermon" in himself. So that is what the "girl" is looking for in church! "Fair, strong, earnest, white youth," not the simple parable, the simple sermon, the word of God.

I have gone through a Catholic college and university to reach my profession. But when I enter a church and hear an instruction, I feel that the speaker knows whereof he speaks, for priests are trained for that work. I do not look for pyrotechnics, nor oratorical skill—I look for the sentiment coming from their hearts, expressed in words, for to them, as to the Apostles, Jesus still says, "Preach the Gospel."

Many promising careers have been wrecked by these flitterers. Now the dear old lady, instead of criticizing her "lawful pastors," should thumb her Bible and read: "He that dwelleth in the aid of the Most High shall abide under the protection of the God of Jacob. . . . Because he hath hoped in Me, I will deliver him: I will protect him because he hath known my name" (Psalm cx).

So, have no fear, Pastor! "I have exalted one chosen out of my people. I have found my servant, with my holy oil I have anointed him."

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Criticism is easy, and fault-finding a toy; it requires work and labor to construct. Join the "Catholic intelligentsia," dear lady, flit if you will, but learn something from Saint Paul:

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy and should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. . . . Charity never falleth away: whether prophecies shall be made void or tongues shall cease or knowledge shall be destroyed. . . . Now I know in part. . . . And now there remain faith, hope and charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity" (I Corinthians, xiii).

CHESTER FRESHNET.

WOMAN AND THE CHURCH

Yankton, S. D.

TO the Editor: Apropos the communication, "Woman and the Church," in THE COMMONWEAL of Wednesday, August 17, 1932, permit me to express my opinion on the expression, *Assiduitas catilenae*. The different copies of Latin lexicons at my disposal do not mention the word, *catilenae*; probably so for good reasons. In my humble opinion the original manuscript, or the early print, showed a circumflex on the letter "a" (after "c"); so we have the post-classic noun, *cantilena,* a song. Thereby the phrase in question becomes quite plain: "the frequent attendance at the chant." Connecting this phrase with the preceding sentence, "The bishop's house must therefore be safeguarded [*hymnis*] by (the chant of) hymns, etc. Now add the subsequent sentence, *"Ubi igitur . . ."*: Where, therefore, is (or exits) a frequent chanting (in honor) of God.

This would prove one way to solve the difficulty, but, I admit, not the only way. However, thus we get a common sense meaning out of the dubious Latinity in question!

REV. IGNATIUS FORSTER, O.S.B.

THE AUTUMN OF DISCONTENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Mr. Charles Willis Thompson's articles on politics are always interesting, but sometimes curiously inaccurate as to statements of facts. In his article, "The Autumn of Discontent," which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL, Mr. Thompson wrote that President Hoover's taking the stump in the campaign was unprecedented and that Woodrow Wilson did not after his renomination in 1916.

Mr. Wilson made at least four important campaign addresses in October, 1916: one was in New York, another in Chicago, and two others in different parts of the country. Besides, he received large delegations on every Saturday up to Election Day, at Shadow Lawn, Long Branch, New Jersey, where he spent his vacation that summer, and made extended political speeches, two of which I had the pleasure of hearing.

SCHUYLER N. WARREN, JR.

CANADIAN CATHOLICS

Ottawa.

TO the Editor: My attention has just been drawn to your editorial of October 5. I might state that you are in error in stating that this Bureau regards Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic as two separate religions. The report to which you refer was of a preliminary nature only, and it is the intention to publish a grand total in the final report.

R. H. COATS,
Dominion Statistician.

BOOKS

Internationalism

Development of the League of Nations Idea, by Theodore Marburg. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.00.

IN PRESENTING to the public the Marburg correspondence on a League of Nations, John H. Latine, the editor, has demonstrated that the constitution for a League of Peace was not hastily developed at Paris, but that for two or three years previous to the Peace Conference following the war groups of intellectual leaders, acting on their own initiative, had thrashed out most of the preliminary problems. These letters show how ideas and suggestions not embodied in the present constitution of the League were carefully considered and promoted by organizations in America and elsewhere before negotiations began at Paris.

The two volumes constitute an interesting and valuable collection of documents for the student of foreign relations. The letters are of particular importance in establishing the view of the League of Nations as in the main an American conception. While groups of interested people had been working, for the most part in the neutral nations, for the establishment of a world union for the maintenance of peace, the chief impetus came from the American League to Enforce Peace. This organization founded in June, 1915, under the sponsorship of William Howard Taft, Theodore Marburg and Hamilton Holt, acted as the propagandist organization for a League not only in America but in Europe as well. Several hundred thousand dollars were collected and spent by this group in molding public opinion here and abroad. In England a similar group under the leadership of Lord Bryce was soon at work. The English reaction, however, was one of suspicion; the feeling prevailed that premature discussion of peace plans would hinder the prosecution of the war, and that since America was not then united with the Allies in combating "the German menace" it could not be depended upon to act in the future in a common cause against an aggressor.

More progress was made in England than in any other belligerent country. In France the idea was coolly received as a stop-the-war movement. In Italy opinion was indifferent or openly hostile. Little progress was made among the Central Powers. In this country official cognizance was taken of the movement when President Wilson in a speech of May 27, 1916, endorsed the principles of the League to Enforce Peace. This endorsement together with America's entry into the war caused the adoption of the League of Nations idea as one of the conditions of peace. It was definitely regarded as an American contribution.

Fear that a hostile United States Senate might prevent America's participation in a world federation crops up again and again in the letters. The senatorial reception accorded to the Taft and Bryan arbitration treaties was still fresh in the minds of students of public affairs. The question is first raised in this correspondence by an Englishman, Viscount Grey. In the early part of 1917 he wrote to Mr. Marburg as follows: "In my opinion the thing that most keeps it back here (that is, in England), is the fear that your Senate will never agree to the United States pledging itself to be an effective member of such a League. Anything that removed that impression could help the movement here tremendously. Without the United States the League would be at best a revived concert of the Great Powers of Europe, liable at any time to split into rival groups.

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With the United States it would be on a high plane that has never been attained by anything of the kind before. . . ."

While Mr. Marburg shows some apprehension in his reply, he assures Lord Grey, "that the campaign made here to acquaint the people with the aims of the League has been so widespread and so thorough, and the newspapers have been so generous in the space they have given to the discussion, that certainly the educated classes are already pretty well informed about it. Our aim now is to make opinion so positive that it will impress itself on the United States Senate."

The calm assumption in the correspondence that the aims of the Allied statesmen were not open to question makes interesting reading in the light of what has been revealed in the years following the war. Enlightening discussion of economic boycotts, international armies, sanctions and untouchables among the nations repay one's wading through pages of less significant matter.

The arrangement of the letters chronologically may be the best and the most practicable method. To the reader, however, it is inconvenient to read a letter of great interest the reply to which comes along several pages later after much intervening correspondence of little consequence.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

What Is Europe?

The Discovery of Europe, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. New York: E. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

THIS is a remarkable book, a suggestive, provocative, thought-arousing book. Whether the author writes of problem or personalities, he is intensely interesting. The book is an interpretation, not a history; though it contains much that is historical.

His theme is Europe; and he knows his Europe well. Europe, that attempted suicide in 1914, is recovering, but not sure of itself. It has an inferiority complex, a complex brought about by nationalism. His Europe has deserted its old ideal, "Europeanism," which is only another word for Belloc's "Catholic culture." Whether the author intended or not, his book is a restatement of the fact that, when Europe lost its Catholic culture in the sixteenth-century upheaval, it turned to material things, which find their climax in the Americanism of the United States, the Bolshevism of Russia, and the Fascism of Italy.

Will Europe accept any of these isms as a finality? If so, the author sees what all thinking minds fear: the same striving and struggling, the same envies and jealousies for markets and colonies, the same unified hoards in war time, the same industrialized herds in peace. Did nationalism destroy the leadership of the best minds, and set up capitalistic ideals? The author thinks so; and that culture gave way to vulgarity.

His remedy is simple, if at present unattainable. There must be a return to Europeanism, to the ancient ideals of Europe before the Reformation. He thinks that our pre-war period is similar to the period preceding the decline and fall of Rome. Roman culture perished because the Romans lost faith in it; so too he thinks that Europe has now lost her faith in modernism, and shall have to go down to the depths before it will begin to rise again. When dynasties ruled Europe, the principle of internationalism was held for self-protection. Wars were dynastic not popular; but with the fall of the thrones, internalism also fell. Europe is now a slave bound in chains of false ideals, and realities, which it has forged for itself. Nationalism has ruined Europe, the author says, and if Europe

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NEXT WEEK

Now that the wild alarums and excursions of the recent election begin to subside in the face of the inevitableness of a *fait accompli*, Charles Willis Thompson, former writer on the New York *Times* and the New York *Tribune*, author of books on American political history, and familiar contributor to THE COMMONWEAL, will sum up what happened for those who are still dazed by the torrential passage of events (and aren't we all!). . . . CONGRESS AND THE WAR DEBTS, by Oliver McKee, jr., of the Washington Bureau of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, considers the possibilities of collecting the ten billions owed to the United States by its former allies. The little understood position taken by Senator Borah, who wields great influence with masses of the people in the Middle West who have heretofore been unalterably opposed to reduction, is analyzed, as well as the positions in which the Democratic and Republican parties, to use a French idiom, find themselves. Strictly speaking, this is no joke. . . . O'MALLEY OF THE SUN, by James J. Walsh, is a delightful and vigorous appreciation of one of the best-known and well-loved knights of the fourth estate, a man whose newspaper stories were often literature instead of mere chronicles of events because he could see the deeper human interest in the happenings of every-day life. . . . AT LILLE, by Anne Manning, is a report of a great social conference held this past summer in France, at which the subject treated by various eminent authorities was "International Economic Disorder in Its Relation to Christian Thought." . . . THE CULTURE CONFLICT IN CHINA, by Patrick Joy, describes the profound alterations of *mores* in China that will vitally affect any stabilization of the history of that country.

is to save itself, it must destroy its present superstructure and rebuild on an old and solid base. "That base is Roman Catholic, not mystically, but rationally, Catholic."

His analysis of capitalism, state Socialism and Fascism agrees with the teachings of Leo XIII and Pius XI. These are the issues that have destroyed Europeanism. The return of the ancient culture will bring peace and liberty to the peoples of the world.

The author feels sure that Europe will not construct a new edifice in either the American, Russian or Italian styles. It will pull down excrescences of four hundred years and rebuild on the ancient foundations. The new realities will be replaced by the ancient ideals.

England, however, he seems to think will be an exception, since her nationalism is co-extensive with the boundaries of the earth. "The fate of Europe," he says, is enfolded in the evolution of the present nationalism of the English people. The whole world is watching England with ever-growing hope or fear. He finds less Europeanism in England than in any other country.

If Europe does not discover itself now, it will continue to experiment to its loss and final destruction. Portheim thinks the supernational influence of the Catholic Church one of the strong hopes for Europe's future.

His statement, "the war dethroned Europe from the leadership of the white race, and the white race from the leadership of mankind," seems likely to be verified in the near future. Will this be a calamity? May it not be a preparation for the coming brotherhood of all men?

The author of this book has never visited America. This must be the reason for the false interpretation he places on American ideals. He sees America through the eyes of Europe, and forgets that America has inherited much that he considers morbid from the mother countries. America is in many ways the daughter of Europe—educated and trained in the maxims of the post-reformation schools of philosophy and economics. And if the ideals of America have grown in magnitude, why does Europe complain? If he had spent some time in the United States, he would change his ideas of what he calls Americanism.

The author's conclusion is that Europe must escape from the twentieth-century idols of industrialism and machinery, and "rediscover its own civilization." "No renascense can come from outside, and there is no salvation of Europe outside of Europe." He sees signs appearing—a renewal of romanticism, an escaping from the heterogeneous, exotic art, literature and pleasures of our post-war period, the realization that man and not the machine is the master. May it be so—Europe's resurrection is devoutly to be wished. This book is excellent reading.

JOHN J. DONLAN.

Elizabeth

The Tudor Wench, by Elswyth Thane. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $3.50.

FOR MOST of us history would be dull reading, were it not for the romance lurking behind the facts, and a whole world of conjecture as to the motives that begot them. It is this debatable ground, this riddle of the personal equation, that forms the very spirit and vital essence of a historic novel on the order of "The Tudor Wench."

Elswyth Thane is already known by her novels of contemporary English life, ranging from light comedy to serious drama. Yet in all of them, whatever the outward form, her chief inter-

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est in her people and their problems is psychological. And though she has steeped herself in the source-books of the period and documented her volume as though it were a university dissertation, what really vitalizes this new interpretation of Elizabeth Tudor is her conception of the young princess, child, girl and woman, and her ability to project herself inside the latter's mind and spirit, and reveal her as a very human and easily understandable personality.

In other words, the unique aspect of this book lies in showing us sixteenth-century England, the restless, harassed, strife-rent England of Henry VIII, Edward and Mary, through the puzzled, questing eyes of a lonesome, neglected child, a friendless and often frightened adolescent girl. There is scant material for a biography of those early formative years; and throughout the first half of this volume the picture is perforce largely intuitive. And whether one accepts or refuses the present interpretation as an authentic historic portrait, there is no doubt that it is a plausible and sympathetic conception, a *tour de force* of rare deftness that lends consistency to much that is arbitrary and baffling in recorded facts.

Briefly, the Elizabeth in these pages is a complex entity, a dual blend of two contrasting strains. She is the daughter of Anne Boleyn as well as of Henry. Although the author dwells insistently on the dominance of the paternal strain, that looks out from her eyes and flames in her vivid hair so speakingly that the king himself proclaimed her his Tudor Wench, yet all through the earlier years Elswyth Thane's Elizabeth is endangered as much by the yielding softness, the susceptibility drawn from her wayward mother as from the fiery temper and stubbornness that she owed her father. And the author conveys the impression that it was the conquest of this double heritage which in the end gave her the outward graciousness, the hidden will of tempered steel, that placed and kept her on the throne.

Many will treasure the earlier chapters, where the author could give free rein to her fancies. There is a special poignancy in the picture of Elizabeth, a child of six, quaintly regal in her shabby frock, and with precocious intelligence trying to piece together stray fragments of truth into a clumsy patch-work of half-knowledge. The ruthless severance of Anne Boleyn's slender neck takes on a new aspect, wordless, unspeakable, as we watch the small Elizabeth struggling to grasp the fact that her mother died by her kingly father's edict, and that she herself was looked upon by half of England as illegitimate.

In the later half of "The Tudor Wench," when treason spread like a pestilence, when no man's life was safe and the throne itself was almost an open lottery, Elswyth Thane has thronged her pages with characters, maneuvered complex events with swift clarity, and on the whole wrought out a consistent explanation of many obscure happenings. Yet even here the pages one lingers over are those that tell of Elizabeth's state of mind through the long, perilous weeks when her life hung by a hair. And perhaps nowhere in the whole extent of this volume is there any one episode that surpasses that of her conveyance to the Tower, her landing on those fateful, murky, Thames-washed steps—and the thoughts and fears that riot through her brain.

Altogether there is much that is stimulating in this presentment of the Tudor Wench. It shows wide reading and faithful industry. Yet it owes its rich coloring, its flesh-and-blood vividness mainly to the author's intuitive understanding of human nature, and her own profound belief in the reality of her Elizabeth, who is a more engaging, more lovable personality than the time-honored conception of the Virgin Queen.

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A Snob of Science

Kamongo, by Homer W. Smith. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

THIS is a very curious book, as different from the run of fiction, travel narrative, and scientific speculation, all of which it resembles, as anyone could wish. It is an exceedingly interesting book, but a disappointing one. First of all, it recounts the adventures of a young scientist, Joel, who has been investigating the habits of the African lung-fish (Kamongo in the native dialect). This fish is the actual, living duplicate of Paul Bunyan's famous trout, but without the trout's capacity for affection, or powers of locomotion. Many thousands of years ago, it equipped itself with a pair of lungs and learned to live through periods of drought by burying itself in the mud. It can survive through months when the mud has been baked hard as stone around it, and be as good as ever, or almost, when the floods come again. It doesn't need water much of the time, but it does need air, and it will drown if kept too long below the surface.

The question which Joel offers to his traveling companion, an Anglican priest, is, may not man also be an experiment which has ended or will end in a "blind alley." For Joel, whom no doubt one is to think of as becoming accustomed to the appearance of truth in cataclysmic shapes, and who is certainly enjoying the discovery that in its pursuit he can be as implacable, as impersonal, as the great men of science before him, the temptation to answer "yes," and at once, is almost irresistible. Mr. Smith restrains him here, but the temptation shines through every word. It would be so glorious, you see, for Joel, and for his author, too, if the notion were sound.

Then, in the development of his notion, Joel offers a theory of the origin of life, a "whirlpool of sunlight" gathering about itself a debris of flesh, but always the driving force which impels flesh to adapt itself to conditions surrounding it. The theory rather distresses the priest, but Joel, one suspects, would relish it, if only for the opportunity to demonstrate his own fortitude.

It would be a better book if Mr. Smith gave any signs of being aware that Joel is a snob of science, that a snob of science can be as amusing and as ridiculous as any other, that his priest is not half so intelligent as he flatly asserts. But Mr. Smith is aware of no one of these things. Once Joel's theory has been launched, the argument appears so irresistible to his author that its natural antagonist, the priest, is reduced to silence very quickly, and without any trouble at all. From first to last the intelligence ascribed to him is successfully hidden, covered over, the reader must decide, either by timidity or politeness. He has nothing vital to oppose to Joel. Such remarks as he offers are the remarks of a man awed, deferential, confused in the presence of a great intelligence.

Of course the book has its quality. It is well-written despite the deadliness of the interlocutory form, and the onesidedness of the argument. The account of the search for the Kamongo makes a fascinating narrative; the theory which comes out of it is profoundly interesting, for the lights it throws out here and there on the insignificance of man in the history of nature, and the triviality of most human problems and ambitions.

My objection is this. The author has given his argument the appearance of fiction; it takes advantage of the privileges of fiction; scenery, atmosphere and the physical and psychological status quo of the two men are used for everything they are worth. That is what gives the book its chief interest. Then each man represents to the other a possible deterrent to his hopes

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for the improvement of mankind. In such a situation, Mr. Smith produces as one of his characters a man without either the wit, the courage or the experience to take the part expected of him, a man helplessly befuddled. That is what robs the book of power. Even a scientist should not report the personalities of men less completely, less convincingly, than he reports the metabolisms of fish.

VINCENT ENGELS.

Charming New Orleans

Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters, by Grace King. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THE MOST smiling memories ever recalled and ever related may be read in Miss Grace King's portly volume. Its author had a long, successful and very agreeable life; and her zest for living is reflected in her zest for narration. Of her own work she speaks with modesty and reserve; yet it merited the enthusiasm with which it was received. Her stories are well-written, and deal with a world she knew. Her "New Orleans" is as good a piece of municipal history as any American writer has given us. It has never been superseded, and is not likely to be superseded by anything better. The town took the writer to its heart, and showed its sense of values. New Orleans is that kind of an abode. Not even Boston is more proud of its distinguished sons and daughters than is this city of the South.

And Miss King was nothing if not Southern. She might have paraphrased Professor Gildersleeve's confession: "I am first a Charlestonian, next a South Carolinean, and after that a Southerner," had she been as humorous or as epigrammatic as the Greek scholar. She was neither. Her comments upon the distinguished people whom she met are wholly conventional. Julia Ward Howe was an "embodiment of the Victorian ideal of womanhood." Her daughter Maud (Mrs. Elliott) "entranced the eye with her lovely profile, and the ear with her conversation." Richard Watson Gilder had "eyes that once seen could never be forgotten." Charles Dudley Warner "attracted sociability and confidence, and responded with gentle cordiality." Mr. Howells had "the sweetest voice I ever heard, low and genuinely sincere. The grasp of his hand was that of a friend." Even John Fiske "made a splendid appearance on the platform."

Miss King's conceptions of foreign cities are of the same general order. She admired and loved them all, and—what is more pleasing to contemplate—she was happy in them all. "Memory is filled with the exhilaration of our spirits as we wandered on from one historical site to another"—is a typical entry in her note-book. Yet first and foremost in her affections was her beautiful birthplace. It is gratifying to know that in 1913 she was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of England, an honor which does not come in every writer's way; but it is even more delightful to take leave of her in her hour of supreme triumph. On April 21, 1923, the Louisiana Historical Society summoned the citizens of New Orleans—or, at least, the "elect" of such citizens—"to render tribute to Grace King, and to express in substantial shape the universal approbation of her long career, devoted to the history and literature of Louisiana."

Boston could have done no more.

The volume is heavy to hold and unindexed. There is no table of contents and no headings to the chapters. There is no way of tracing man, woman or incident mentioned in the narrative. When a page is turned, its contents are lost forever.

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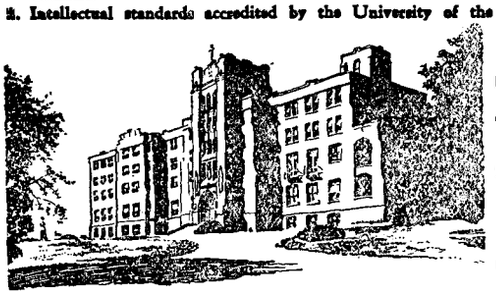

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Briefer Mention

Sad Indian, by Thames Williamson. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.00.

REDUCED to its essentials, the story of Juan, the sad Indian, is that of character degradation through drink. Juan realistically struggles against the demon pulque, but his eventual salvation and return to the land is manipulated for him by the author. With Mr. Williamson, whose hero of "Hunky" very strongly resembles his Indian, plot is not the thing. He is interested in a character, elementary, stubborn in belief and practise, stolid and naturally selfish, adopting concessionary means for greater desired ends. In that, he succeeds admirably and scores again with his re-creation of the life of a Mexican interior town. One offensive exception must be noted, for the sequence of Good Friday ceremonies can be judged only as fictional and unbelievable travesty.

Three Brothers and Seven Daddies, by Harry Harrison Kroll. New York: Ray Long and Richard Smith, Incorporated. $2.00.

FOLLOWING the decided promises of "The Cabin in the Cotton," Mr. Kroll's most recent novel is a disappointment. The hesitancy and timidity of the principal character, similar to that of the young hero of the earlier book, merely alienates sympathy, for no inner struggle is precipitated. Nor is there an outward conflict. One must accept the publisher's word that Mr. Kroll writes of "his own people." In many instances his characterizations of Tennessee mountaineers ring true, but in his stressing of superstitions piled on superstitions, the reader strongly suspects the injustice of a caricature.

The Spanish Inquisition, by A. S. Turberville. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

PROFESSOR TURBERVILLE'S popular summary of a very controversial subject was written for the Home University Library (generally a highly commendable series), and so is cramped in a fairly tight compartment. Nevertheless, the arrangement is judicious despite a bit of overlapping, and the reader is enabled to know most of what matters. The author is, of course, opposed to the Inquisition and doubts that it accomplished any object of permanent value. But he makes a valiant effort to see the thing against its proper background, dispels a great many foolish misconceptions, and calls attention to the learning and reasonableness which frequently characterized the officials. On the whole, there is little fault to find with the book.

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